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YOU FELLOWS HEARD THAT SCHWEPPES IS COMING BACK SOON?
YES, AND I KNOW THE DATE!
DAVID LANGDON

Volume CXCI No. 2497 The SPHERE, London, December 13, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE B.B.C.—THE KING AND QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS MARGARET, ATTEND A PERFORMANCE AT BROADCASTING HOUSE TO MARK THE CORPORATION'S SILVER JUBILEE: Their Majesties are seen arriving for the concert, which included the Itma programme. On the left (back to camera) is Sir William Haley (Director-General of the B.B.C.) with the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Governors

"Pyjamas, a false nose and spats—that is the Home, Light and Third Programmes," said Mr. Handley. "Who 's listening to this rubbish, anyway ?" said Hotchkiss. "You 'd be surprised," replied Mr. Handley. That was only one bout of fooling with which the King and Queen and Princess Margaret were regaled when they heard and saw the Itma programme on their visit to the concert hall at Broadcasting House to witness a performance in connection with the B.B.C.'s Jubilee celebrations. It was far from being a private show, however, thousands of televiewers having the opportunity of seeing Their Majesties joining in the fun, and they even saw them listening in to the 9 o'clock news, with Stuart Hibberd reading it. The new television cameras were used for the first time indoors, and despite the modest 20-kilowatt lighting in the concert hall, they did what standard cameras can only do with 300 kilowatt lighting. After the performance the Royal visitors met Tommy Handley, and the Queen had a long talk with Ted Kavanagh, author of the Itma script, Jack Train (the Colonel), and other members of the cast

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

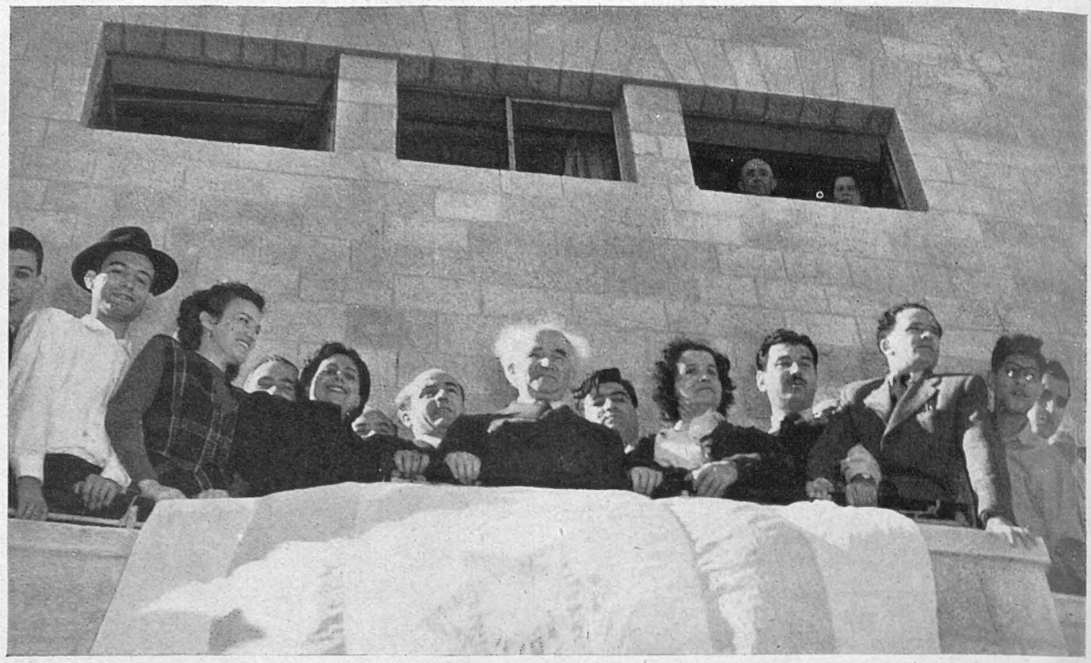
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Palestine Consequences ?—

November 29 may one day be celebrated annually by Jewry, but whether at the Wailing Wall or as a joy-day none can prophesy to-day. Thirty-three nations voted for partition, thirteen against. Many abstained. Of those who voted pro, many did so with doubt in their hearts. They knew that they were probably voting for internecine war in Palestine. They were well aware that the British plan for evacuation would proceed unaltered, save in so far as it could be adjusted to bridge the gap between British and U.N. administration. There is no bridge between British and U.N. machinery for maintaining law and order. Why ? Because there is no international or U.N. police force planned or in being on the further shore of the time-gap. What can a *Commission* do, armed only with the authority of the Security Council, to prevent bloodshed, arson and destruction of property by Jew and Arab hotheads ? Nothing. Those who voted for partition so voted to ease their consciences. They remembered the millions of Jews murdered during the war and the plight of the survivors. The horrors caused by a few thousand thugs and murderers among the Palestine Jews and the apathy of the Jewish authorities in Palestine did not outweigh their sympathies with Jewry. I have never gained an even partial comprehension of the problem which scores of able men have tried and failed to grapple. There is a just claim for a Jewish home in Palestine, but *all* Palestine would not half solve the Jewish problem, and it seems to me that even if partition be accomplished, by some miracle, smoothly and peacefully, the Jewish problem remains to be solved in bulk and outside Palestine. And the Arabs are there, have been there from time immemorial and mean to stay there, and their friends and backers stretch over the Eastern world in millions and millions—resolute, aggressive, defiant millions.

A Hint of Returning Sanity ?—

In the dismal daily catalogue of Europe's ills, a man must clutch at straws or sink. And last week I clutched at a straw or two, from France, from England, even from Russia. I lived long in France and was usually impressed by the good sense, the logic, the realism of the workers in industry and transport, and so forth. And it has seemed to me extraordinary that, with all allowance for the hardship of their lot, they, with their age-old reputation for reason, should saw through the branch they sit on. For who lives if France collapses in irretrievable ruin ? Not the workers. For them it is back to turnips and bread of chestnuts, first of all, back to 1780. Intense Communist propaganda and stronger measures attempted to create a total strike, and there are some indications that the force of the movement is spending itself in partial failure. As a gesture against France's new-old Constitution, I could sympathise in much that has been done, but a total strike in an hour of such awful gravity when France's bare survival is the stake, that would be for monkeys, not for Frenchmen. In England, too, a hint is discernible that hot-head action is losing its attractiveness. Second thoughts, more moderate measures within the constitutional framework, come quicker and persist longer. The parable of the branch and the saw applies in England with little less force than in France ; and there is no doubt that for too long too many sound Englishmen have behaved liked monkeys or . . . Egyptian students. Even M. Molotov appears to have caught the healthy infection once or twice. Perhaps he feels, too, that to alienate half the world, or much more than half, is not the best way in which to secure for Russia all the best of all the things he wants for her



FOR JEWRY A RED-LETTER DAY ; FOR THE ARAB WORLD A CALL TO ARMS : Mr. Ben Gurion, who will probably be the first Prime Minister of the Jewish State, addressing compatriots from a balcony of the Jewish Agency building in Jerusalem after the news became known that the United Nations had declared in favour of the partition of Palestine. The Arabs treated the United Nations' declaration as a call to arms, the start of a Holy War, and widespread violence against the Jews coincided with their three-day strike throughout the Holy Land. In a day of shooting, arson and looting in Jerusalem, fifty shops were burned out and damage estimated at £250,000 was done. In Egypt and Syria, Arab demonstrations were also accompanied by violence, and in Damascus a mob set fire to the American Legation. Further pictures relating to the partition news will be found on page 338

Is Fascism Dead ?—

Sometimes there comes to me, from words dropped or written not by statesmen but by private citizens of European countries, a very uneasy feeling that we in Britain derive our knowledge and form our opinions of Europe's problems from one side only. A letter from a Hungarian citizen living in England and recently returned from Budapest was published in the Press last week, and for me at least it threw some new light on that inexplicable puzzle of Russia's use of the word "democratic" to describe *her* way of life as opposed to ours and America's. Most of us regard that use as a comic recourse to *Through the Looking-Glass*. The bones and beak of this Hungarian's restrained and appealing letter give me pause ; the letter is worth a longish quotation : "The conclusion I have reached is that the object of Anglo-American foreign policy, the establishment of the Western form of democracy in Central and Eastern Europe, is based on a complete ignorance of, or disregard for, the existing moral and cultural conditions of the people there. To understand this it is essential to remember the barbarisation of the people that has been going on for decades and culminated in the extermination of 6,000,000 Jews and the large majority of Fascism's political opponents. There Fascism is not a spent force by any means, and a Western type of democracy would be at its mercy from the start. The only real choice in government lies between the existing Eastern form of democracy on the one hand and Fascism on the other. Fascism being the arch-enemy of democracy, whatever the form, it is easy to understand Russia's concern at its virulence. It is not surprising that she should resent attempts at introducing the Western democracy in these countries when she knows that if successful it would inevitably lead to Fascism." He finishes very properly in condemning Russia's folly in trying to impress this view by vituperation instead of persuasion, and our Western diplomacy for its failure in patience to grasp the other side of the argument. Fascism is *not* a spent force. That is Russia's view and the view of her satellites. We thought we had buried Fascism, and that belief has coloured our diplomacy.

The Breadth of Liberalism.

—Mr. Foot has been applying the boot to Lord Simon. Why ? Because Liberalism is too rich in talent and personnel and requires a weed-out ? No. Because Lord Simon, feeling that the essential and first consideration of centre and right parties to-day is to unite to reduce the overwhelming Socialist majority in the Commons (which has turned parliamentary government into dictatorship), ventured to speak on behalf of the Conservative candidate at Epsom. Mr. Foot is President of the Liberal Party (or of one of several), and he claims to hate the Tories as much as he hates the Socialists. None who speaks to or for a Tory may keep a foot in Mr. Foot's camp. Some of the other little Liberal factions take the same, or a modified, view of the Liberals' plain duty. I confess that Liberalism under one or two of its present-day labels does not seem to me rich enough in talent or personnel to throw Lord Simon away. That, to judge by the by-elections, is the nation's view also. A Liberal candidature in a by-election is an expensive hobby. And why ? Because Liberalism is at the moment a will-o'-the-wisp ; a hollow turnip shaped into three faces, and the light in the hollowed centre is a nightlight which does not impress the village idiot—more 's the pity. Loyalty is good, but too many little loyalties spoil the broth.

Public Opinion and Public Amenity.—

Two recent instances show that public opinion, if organised and swiftly brought to bear, can still avert threatened spoliation of public beauty spots and National Trust properties by ruthless departments. The War Office has "saved its face" and withdrawn its worst threat to Dovedale. It declares that "someone blundered" over a map. We can leave it at that. The retreat must continue. Next comes the Lyme Park coal plan. The Fuel and Power Ministry has abandoned its open-cast plan on the National Trust property at Lyme Park, Cheshire, the recent gift of Lord Newton. The rage and fury of the Peak District National Park Committee and of people all over the country "disturbed" Mr. Attlee, and the Fuel Minister has been told to drop his plan. To the ordinary man, the recent "encouragements" given in speeches by Ministers towards schemes and organisations for securing public amenities and beauty spots and reserves contrast ridiculously with the actions and practices of departments. It is not enough that land or buildings should be secured to the public in perpetuity by trust deeds or Acts of Parliament. Only public opinion, organised and whipped up, can save our inheritance from filching by one greedy Ministry or another.

The New Forest.—

"A miraculous survival from pre-Norman England" is the description of the New Forest given in the Committee's Report now published. It is interesting reading to me. The New Forest was already a forest, subject to rules and regulations, in Canute's time. Its modern history began a century ago when its herds of deer were greatly thinned. In 1877 an Act reconstituted its Court of Verderers and reduced the Crown's rights over its 90,000 acres. Nearly 10,000 have been filched or ruined by military camps, aerodromes and ranges, by in-growing towns and new communities, and other now customary and inevitable spoliations. The bird-life is threatened and the natural and varied amenities also. The public will surely lose this unique heritage unless immediate action is taken to safeguard it. The Committee recommends a single and simplified authority in place of a score of rival authorities, a new Verderers' Court or Swainmote, representative of the appropriate Ministries, including Agriculture and Forestry, the Commoners, landowners (on a democratic basis), and so forth, under a Chief Verderer appointed by the Lord Chancellor. For the rest, the sweet of the Forest, from Cadnam to Fawley, Lymington to Burley, should be declared a nature reserve, strictly controlled. The only concession to modernity recommended is a plan for "twin trunk roads" from Cadnam to Ringwood. Myself, I hope for first things first. The twin trunks can very well await better times. Will this Report be pigeon-holed, like so many of its urgent kind, while infiltration, spoliation and vulgarisation complete the holocaust of our most priceless heritage ?

THE OLD STAGER

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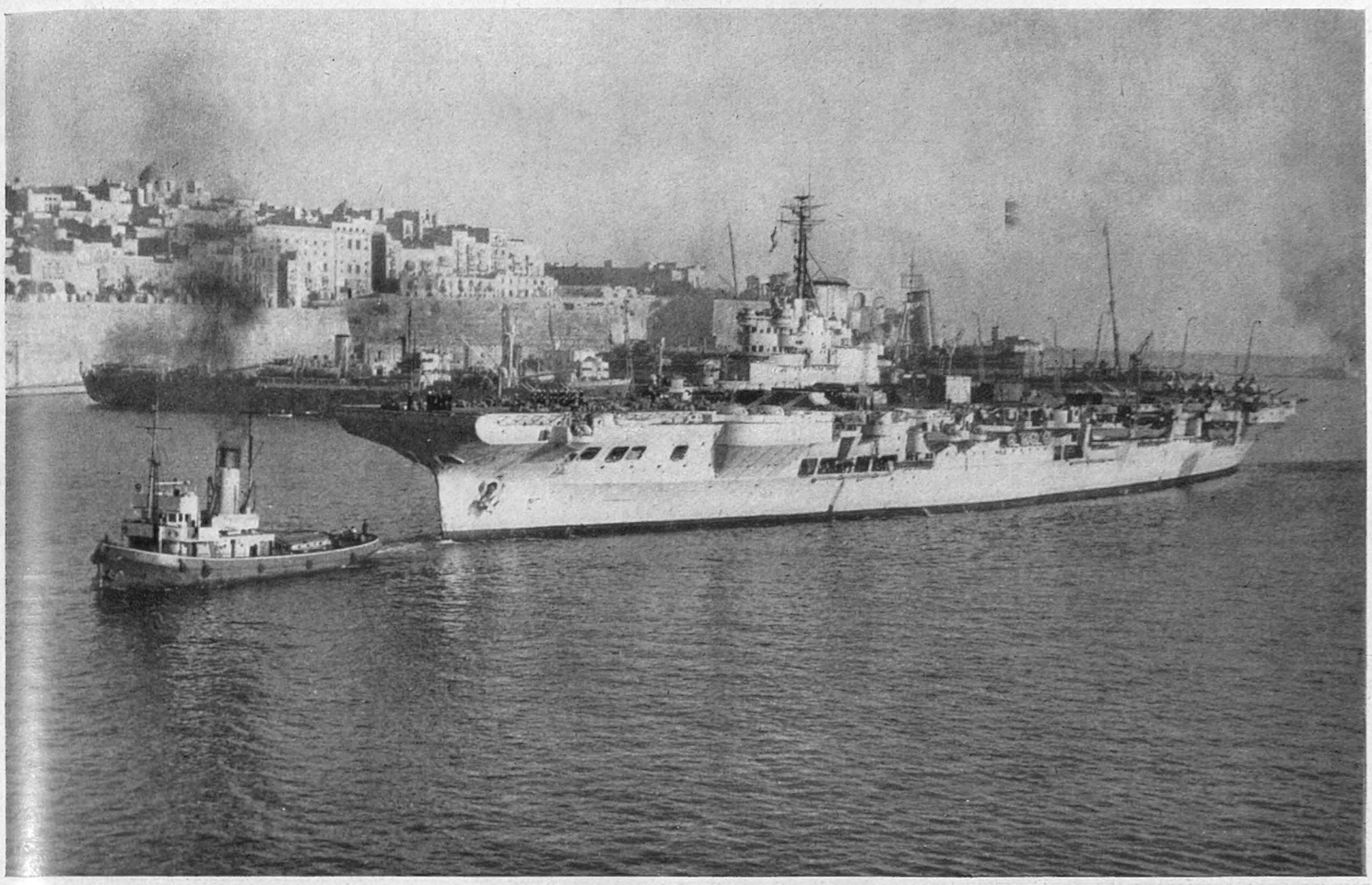
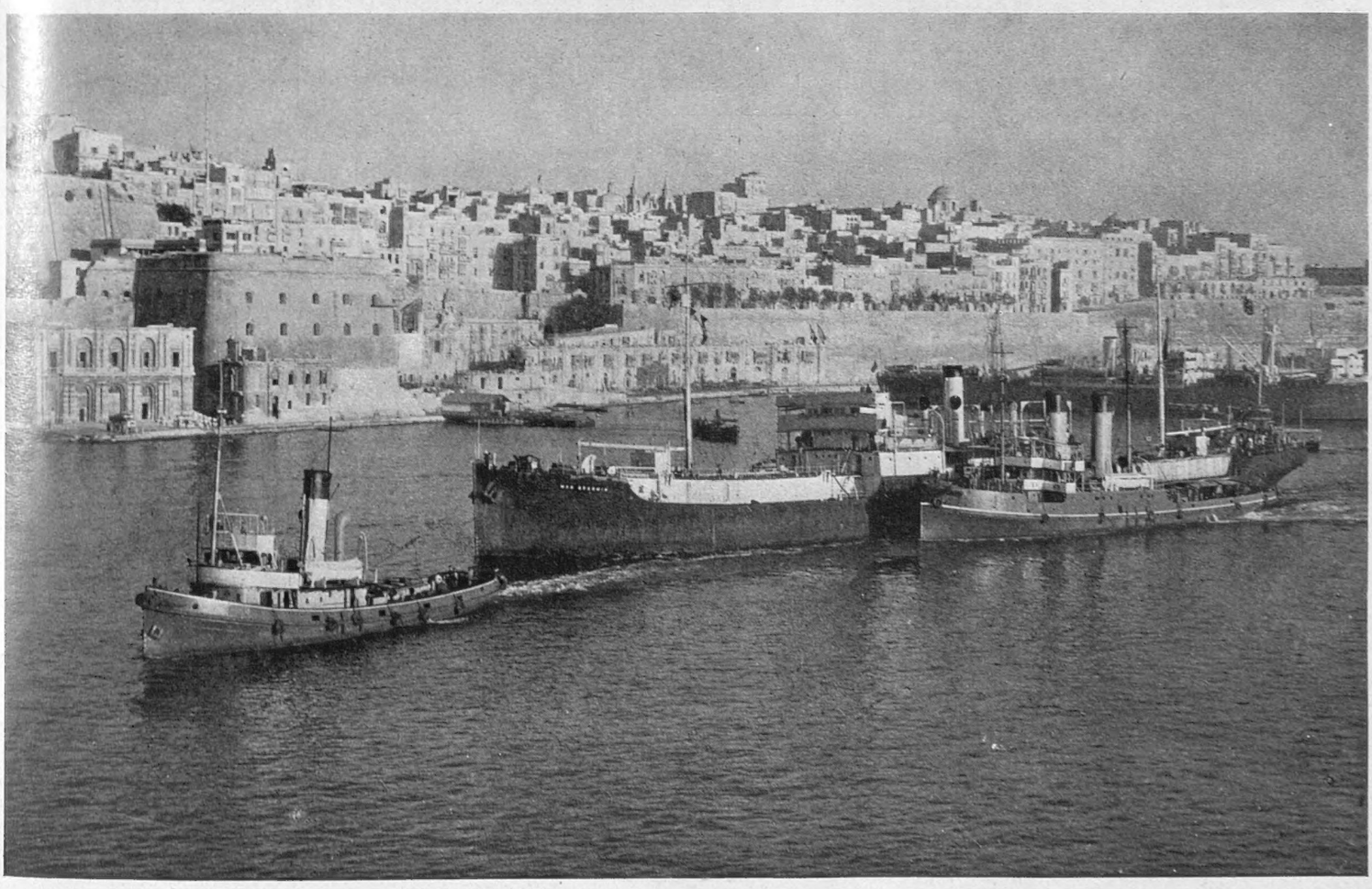


H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS" ONCE AGAIN ENTERS THE GRAND HARBOUR—A REMINDER OF HER MEDITERRANEAN EXPLOITS IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: The 23,000-ton carrier seen shortly after her arrival in the port. She brought with her stores and over 2,000 men from the Home Fleet, who are taking up jobs in the Mediterranean Fleet under the command of Sir Algernon Willis. The "Illustrious" will return to Britain before Christmas, bringing home members of the Mediterranean Fleet due for demobilisation. This carrier had a distinguished war record, and many who saw her at Valetta remembered the days when she limped into port badly damaged and was subsequently attacked by the Luftwaffe in the Grand Harbour. "Illustrious" was completed just before the outbreak of the war. She carries over sixty aircraft, and has a complement of 1,600 men. She has powerful A.-A. defences

BUSY DAYS AT MALTA

Heavy Traffic Through the Port—The Arrival of Home Fleet Personnel

Below—THE "WAR BRAHMIN" REACHES VALETTA WITH A LIQUID CARGO: Tugs manœuvring the vessel into the Grand Harbour on arrival from Sicily. The "War Brahmin" arrived with a cargo of drinking-water for ships passing through the Mediterranean. Usually water is taken on at the Egyptian ports, but owing to the cholera epidemic Malta has assumed the task. The island's water supplies are inadequate, so the "War Brahmin" brings regular cargoes from a Sicilian port



From the News Headlines

KING MICHAEL'S ENGAGEMENT?

Australia's No. 1 Nazi Captured; China Goes to the Polls

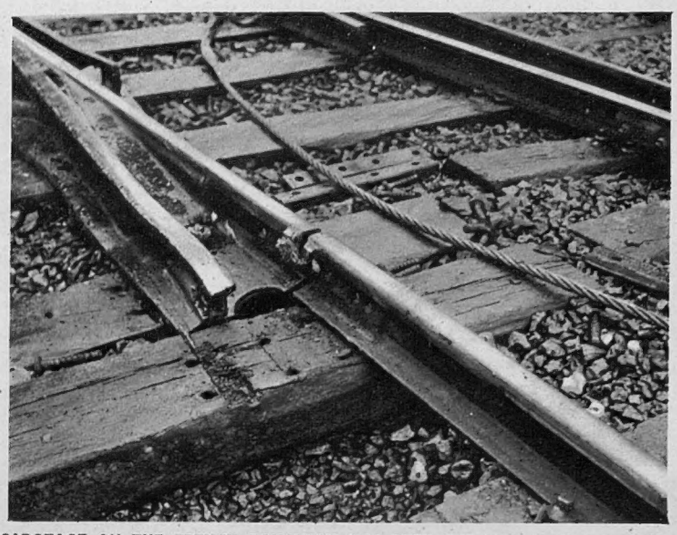
"My son was able to meet a lot of his young cousins at the Royal wedding in London," said Queen Helen of Rumania in an interview last week, in the course of which she denied reports of King Michael of Rumania's engagement to Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma. "This is the first time in ten years that my son has been able to get out and enjoy the company of young people," added the Queen-Mother significantly. There the matter rests at the time of writing, but rumours remain prevalent. Princess Anne's grandfather, Henry Duke of Parma, had seventeen children by his two marriages. Princess Anne is the daughter of Prince René of Bourbon-Parma, who married Princess Margaret of Denmark, daughter of Prince Valdemar. She has Orleans blood as well as Bourbon blood.

RUMOURS AND DENIALS REGARDING A ROYAL MARRIAGE: King Michael of Rumania and Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma driving in Lausanne. Last week Queen Helen of Rumania denied the betrothal, declaring "It is not at all true." The Princess is a grand-daughter of Henry Duke of Parma

THE ARREST OF DR. JOHANNES HEINRICH BECKER: Manacled and struggling, the former leader of the Nazi party in Australia is taken to a car for conveyance to Sydney Gaol. Becker had just been captured aboard the American ship "Cedar Banks," on which he had stowed away after eluding police and security officers for more than a week. Becker was due to be deported from Australia, but broke his parole and stowed away in the tanker, which was bound for Panama. But for the last-minute discovery of an engine defect in the "Cedar Banks," thus delaying the departure, Becker would have made his getaway

EVERY MENTALLY-FIT CHINESE CITIZEN OVER TWENTY-ONE WHO HAS NOT BEEN CONVICTED OF OPIUM SMOKING HAS THE RIGHT TO VOTE: Last week Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek exercised his right at a polling station in Nanking, and here he is making his mark on the ballot paper. The elections have been held in order to appoint 2,971 representatives to the National Assembly under the new Constitution of the Chinese Republic adopted last year. The Kuomintang, with 1,758 candidates, dominated the field, and, of course, there were no Communists. The new Parliament will meet on December 25 to elect a President and Vice-President. It is not expected that there will be effective opposition to the Generalissimo. A significant development, however, is the emergence of the Democratic League, a party which is critical of the Kuomintang on account of its ruthless acts and its suppression of freedom

FORTY THOUSAND MULLET CAUGHT OFF THE CORNISH COAST: Villagers of Sennen collecting the fish from the great seine net, after the tide had receded. They began their task by moonlight. Almost the entire population of the Cornish village of Sennen, near Land's End, went into action to collect and weigh their first catch of the season, one of the quickest landings in living memory, when 40,000 mullet were caught. The shoal was caught in the evening and could not be pulled in for fear of breaking the net, which was staked down and moored until the tide receded. In Sennen, as in many of the Cornish villages, the seine net is run on a share basis, nearly every inhabitant being a shareholder



SABOTAGE ON THE FRENCH RAILWAYS HAS BEEN THE WORK OF EXPERTS: This picture taken on the main line at Sceaux, a few miles south of Paris, shows the manner in which saboteurs unscrewed the rails. They were careful to leave a wire cable in between the rails to ensure circuit continuity. But for this the signals would have changed to danger when the rails were severed. The various acts of sabotage, which resulted in numerous deaths and injuries, caused a wave of indignation throughout France and led many workers to vote against a continuation of the nation-wide strike

A DISASTER WHICH DEEPLY AFFECTED FRENCH OPINION: Telescoped coaches in the cutting at Agny, near Arras, where the Paris-Lille mail was wrecked by saboteurs, 80 ft. of the track being removed. Twenty-one people were killed and sixty injured. Some hours after the disaster four men were arrested on suspicion of being concerned

SABOTAGE: THE PARALYSING WEAPON OF COMMUNISM

The Plan in Action in Republican France and Monarchist Greece

At the time of writing there is a great deal of circumstantial evidence, if no actual proof, that the sabotage on the French railways was Communist-inspired. M. Frachan, Communist Joint Secretary of the General Federation of Labour and leader of the National Strike Committee, made haste to put the blame for the Paris-Lille disaster on those who would discredit the railway workers. French opinion was heavily against him, however, and numerous acts of sabotage promoted the strongest indignation against the Communist Party, and, indeed, led to a steady drift back to work. M. Thorez, newly back from Moscow, backed up M. Frachan by likening the Arras disaster to Goering's Reichstag fire ruse. It was significant that other acts of sabotage in the south were clearly part of a Communist plan to isolate Marseilles from the rest of the country

ONE OF THE SHATTERED COACHES OF THE PARIS-LILLE EXPRESS: When the derailment occurred the train was travelling at high speed in a cutting. Twelve hours later rescue gangs were still removing parts of the shattered wooden coaches and searching for further victims. A first investigation showed that the track had been unscrewed on a curve. As at Sceaux, a cable was left between the rails to ensure circuit continuity, thus deluding the signal operators on this section

CLEARING THE LINE AT SCEAUX: French railway workers dealing with a derailed coach on the main line south of Paris, where saboteurs had been at work. It was noted that two days after the Paris-Lille express disaster French railwaymen were steadily drifting back to work

THE PRIME MINISTER OF GREECE ESCAPES DEATH ON THE RAILWAYS AND REWARDS HIS SAVIOUR: Mr. Themistocles-Sophoulis (right centre) about to take money from his notecase to reward a fourteen-year-old boy (left), who discovered a mine on the Central Macedonian Railway and removed it just before the Premier's train was due to pass. The mine had been placed there by a Communist guerilla band. One of the gang was later arrested and he is seen in the picture on the right

A COMMUNIST GUERILLA SUSPECTED OF SABOTAGE ON THE CENTRAL MACEDONIAN RAILWAY: He was accused of laying the mine in front of the train in which the Greek Premier was travelling north

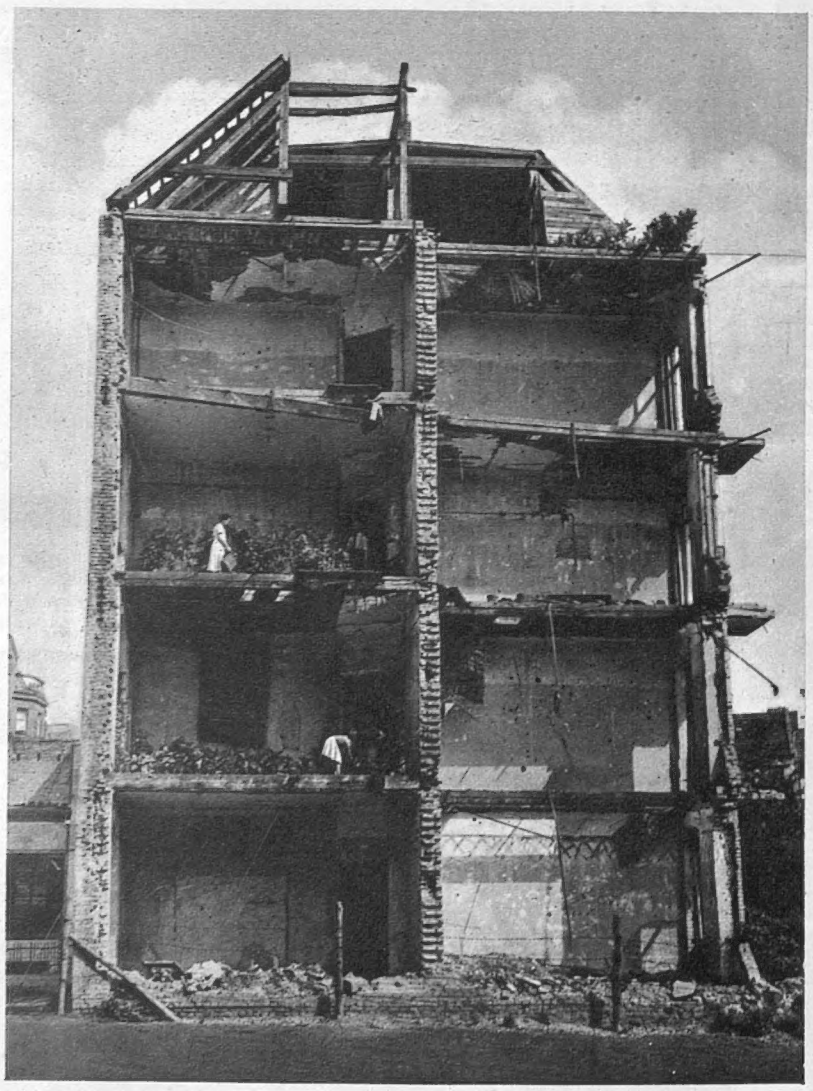
IN THE SHADOW OF THE GROSSER STERN, SYMBOL OF GERMAN VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH IN 1870 : A winter scene in the Tiergarten, once the favourite haunt of Berliners and now a desolate waste of broken ground and decaying monuments. In 1946 the Royal Engineers ploughed up the Tiergarten and a fair potato crop was grown there. This market-garden section lies just to the right of the picture. After the fall of Berlin in 1945 the Tiergarten became the centre of the Black Market, and it was some months before the illicit traders were permanently driven from the area

BERLIN'S MISERY

Life in the Once Proud Prussian Capital in 1947

It was said after the First World War, "Germany will never learn; her people do not know the miseries of war. In triumph they enjoyed the exultation; in defeat the Allies let them off lightly." After the Second World War the same cannot be said. Germany is learning a bitter lesson, and it is beyond our power to alleviate the burden. It is as much as Britain can do to ensure the British Zone of Germany the bare food ration. These pictures epitomise the current miseries of the Berliner. In nearly every city in Prussia, the story is the same, and now, in the height of winter, the plight of the people is at its worst. In the country districts conditions are better, and many of the farmers are living in obvious comfort, their reserves of food well hidden from city folk. The Black Market still flourishes, but most people have pledged their valuables and have nothing left to offer the marketeers

SEARCHING THROUGH THE GARBAGE-BINS : A Berliner looking for scraps of food outside an American barrack building in the United States sector of Berlin



AN ATTEMPT TO SUPPLEMENT THEIR MEAGRE RATIONS : The tenants of the still-intact portion of this Berlin apartment block have used the damaged part of the building as a market garden, growing vegetables in pots and tin cans laid out on the floors. The family on the third floor grew quite a remarkable crop of tomatoes this autumn, and, emboldened by success, they have in mind more ambitious projects for 1948

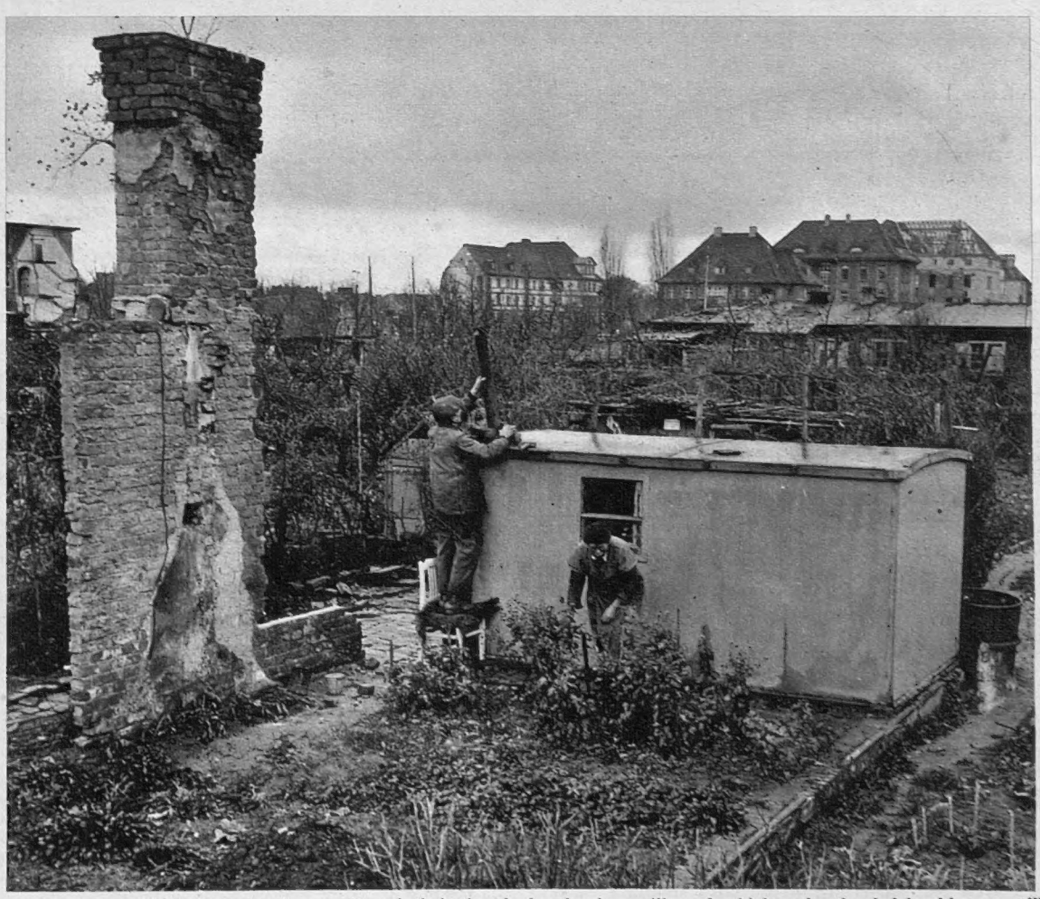
A NEW FOUNTAIN FOR THE ADOLF HITLER PLATZ : Of course its name has long since been changed, and it is now called the Reichskanzler Platz. As the headquarters of the British Military Government stand in the square, the fountain is to give the place an air of appropriate dignity. Homeless Berliners complain that the cement could have been put to much better use

TYRES AND WHEELS FETCH FABULOUS PRICES ON THE BLACK MARKET: Hence the fate of this car, which was stripped of all four wheels while its doctor-owner was making a call in the Charlottenburger Chaussee, one of the main streets in the British sector of Berlin

THE CEASELESS HUNT FOR FUEL: Two girls engaged in robbing a truck as it stood in a siding on the outskirts of Berlin. Next to food, fuel is Berlin's biggest problem, and the normal solution is for individual families to take their hand-carts into the countryside and laboriously haul a load home. When the Tiergarten was ploughed in 1946 the scramble for turned-up tree-roots was pathetic to see, and clear enough evidence of the fuel position in the city. The girl on the left is wearing a skirt probably made up out of a length of curtain material

THE MANUAL WORKER QUALIFIES FOR HIGHER RATIONS: This sixty-two-year-old woman is digging a trench for an electric cable. Behind her are the windows of Hitler's gutted Chancellery. Thousands of Berlin women do manual work to ensure this higher ration. The system was started by the Russian Zone authorities

THIS HOUSE HAS A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE: The tenant of the top floor uses the exposed beams to dry out his week's laundry. This house, with only one wall missing, would be reckoned a veritable haven by many Berliners these days. Thousands of people are living underground or else in rough shanties made from bombed buildings. It will be many years before the German people are free to embark upon any general rebuilding scheme, and in Berlin alone there are acres of rubble yet to be cleared



THEIR HOME-NEAR-HOME: In the garden of their bombed suburban villa, of which only the brick chimney still stands, a Berliner and his wife have adapted a former Wehrmacht wireless truck. While the man is adjusting his chimney, his wife tends the plants in her garden. They have difficulty in getting seeds

THE LONELIEST BUILDING IN EUROPE

The Permanent (but Neglected) Court of International Justice

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIS week, twenty-seven years ago, it slipped majestically into life. It had been completed fifteen years previous to that, but had stood more as a waiting monument than a building with a job attached to it. After more than four decades, it survives as the last word in conserved, cared-for sumptuousness, having escaped with a shaking and some scratches in the late war.

Its site had been prudently selected in the centre of a city renowned for the work on hand, and exhaling the proper atmosphere for calm and meditation, spread out among its green woods and restful waterways. Come, let us cross the broad highway—but mind that oncoming drove of cyclists. These are the only cyclists I know of who actually spoon awheel, hands clasped across the handlebars.

Approach is to a massive, red, square block constructed around an internal courtyard in which scamper life-size china polar bears. Looking outward from the corridors, the eyes feast upon delicious national gardens. These corridors carry panels symbolical of the building's mission, are studded with busts of the noble dead whose pates glisten beneath brilliantly lit candelabra.

The heavy, silent carpets, the woodwork, the marble flooring and pillars, the polished and burnished whole suggest a well-bred, suave dignity, and as you enter the Central Hall, this takes on a religious note, with stained-glass windows that might have come from an expensive church, and a dominant figure of The Christ. Hat in hand, you wander on—and all of a sudden realise that you have been wandering about like this for quite twenty minutes without meeting a soul (stay, yes, one charlady scrubbing the marble floor).

So does the truth strike home: that you are in the least-used building in the world. Almost as brand-new-looking and impeccable as in 1923, showing no discernible difference from 1935. Nor is the unchangingness likely to cease. It is more like a temple dumped down among people not of the same cult, and therefore ignoring it, than what it purports to be—the Supreme Law Court of the Universe.

Here (in the hope of Woodrow Wilson) should be meted out "unappealable decisions governing the fate of nations." Hither would come the nations with their quarrels. Here would be the magnet for all men of goodwill. The corridors of the Vredespaleis would be constantly animated avenues in which pilgrims and students mingled with a busy staff . . . instead of being populated, as, in fact, they were, by one wandering scribe and one charlady.

But come on into the holy of holies, the Supreme Law Court itself. Here, too, are the sign and imprint of the millionaire hand that conjured the Palace of Peace into being. Great frescoes portraying (so far as I can see) Humanity and Heaven are flanked by stained glass, this time of cathedral dimensions, though one looks in vain for reminders of Pierre Dubois and Emeric Crucé, the two Frenchmen who had the same idea as this World Tribunal, in A.D. 1305 and 1623 respectively.

The court-room comes to life, as last I saw it.

At a lectern, a red-robed French barrister (or "agent") reads interminably to a bench of twelve judges with flowing white lace over their black velvet gowns. I hear he has been reading so for ten days. But there's a certain timelessness about the Vredespaleis—have not judges been known to stay in their rooms for weeks and weeks, preparing interpretations and advisory opinions? The difficulty being, that in the absence of a codified international law, the judges must interpret as they go along.

Besides the judges and the agents, there are three interpreters, as many shorthand writers, a dozen permanent officials, two Pressmen, and a score of the general public. I forget what the case was, but it had something to do with shipping.

The original conception of the Permanent Court of International Justice was grandiose enough. All the nations of the world, and not only members of the League of Nations, should have access. But by 1935—by which time the world had commenced to fall really apart—this "open arms" idealism had worked out, in the fact, in thirty-seven nations only signing the optional clause—many with serious reservations—by which they undertook to respect the Court's ruling.

Throughout fifteen years, in a world whose quarrels and difficulties mounted sharply, differences which could, by right, have come before a universal tribunal such as this one was intended to be, were either sedulously kept out of its way, or The Hague bench of judges was effectively barred from dealing with the real rivalries that produce wars. They were told to eschew the political, and stick strictly to the legal; another way of saying that the Supreme Tribunal of Mankind was boycotted by nations, dozens of them, which did it lip service.

Of sixteen judgments (as distinct from advisory opinions) handed down in those years, one half emanated from two capitals, Warsaw and Berlin, and one half of their appeals to the Court concerned a factory at Chorzow! Chorzow became an even more recurrent knell than Gex, a marketing dispute over a little *pays* verging on Geneva that kept lawyer Henri Poincaré pecking away at The Hague for five whole years. Here is an amalgam of work done by the World Court down to 1935, as advanced by the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander in an address in that year:—

Advisory opinion on certain questions relating to settlers of German origin in the territory ceded by Germany to Poland.
Delimitation of the Polish-Czechoslovakian frontier (question of Jaworzina).
The Mavrommatis Palestine Concessions.
Question of the monastery of St. Naoum (Albania frontier).
Exchange of Greek and Turkish populations.
Frontier between Turkey and Iraq.
Case of S.S. *Lotis*.
Right of minorities in Upper Silesia.
Free Zone of Upper Savoy and Gex.
Customs régime between Germany and Austria.
Treatment of Poles and Polish-speaking persons at Danzig.
Interpretation of 1927 Greco-Bulgar Agreement.
Legal status of the S.E. Territory of Greenland.
Chorzow (*and* Chorzow).
Interpretation of the Statute of Memel.
Appeals from judgments of the Czechoslovak-Hungarian Mixed Tribunal.

"The record of work which the Court can show, as indicated by the samples I have given, is truly remarkable," commented Mr. Alexander.

Agreed. Wholly remarkable! While the world was slipping step by step to horror and disaster unplumbed through all the centuries, such was the relative trivia to come before the Supreme Tribunal. It isn't too much to say that only two cases are worth remembering to-day: the request for an advisory opinion on the fateful *Anschluss*, and Greenland. The first, because in the one and only instantly grave matter to come before the Tribunal, the judges were sucked into a heated political atmosphere that vitiated their judgment; and the second because Norway gave the one and only demonstration of how a nation should comport itself before a World Court duly recognised without cant and transforming reservations.

Norway, which established itself in Danish Greenland, proudly refused to quit, but agreed to go before the World Court, lost, and, without even appealing, left Greenland.

And why all this to-day?

Simply because the World Court has been popping into print again, for the first time in eight years or more.

Though it passed into a state bordering on limbo during the war years, yet did the Court continue to figure on the League's budget. Carnegie may have given £2,000,000 for the construction of his dream palace, but he did not endow it. So this least-used building in Europe cost us all something—the United Kingdom about £30,000 a year.

Though heaven forbid that I should place myself beside people who would kill the U.N., Unesco, the British Council, and all such attempts at union, on the score of their cost—totally puny, as this is, set in the mountainous seas of our Socialist budgets. Keeping going the idea of the Court in the hope that a still more deeply chastened world may one day use it, is alone justification of an expenditure of £30,000 a year.

At present the omens are distinctly worse than they were even in the days of highest neglect in the 'thirties. An afternoon's research amid responsible files suggests that the World Court has been mentioned four times since the onset of this alleged peace.

At San Francisco, when the Court was passed over to the U.N.; in the autumn of 1946, when Britain, with an eye on Franco, won the point that all nations could use the Court; in the spring of this year, when the mining of the Corfu Channel was sent to the Court; and last month, when the Russians vetoed the proposal to seek an advisory opinion on whether the Charter of the U.N. gave the right to any one nation to prevent the entry of other nations into the U.N.

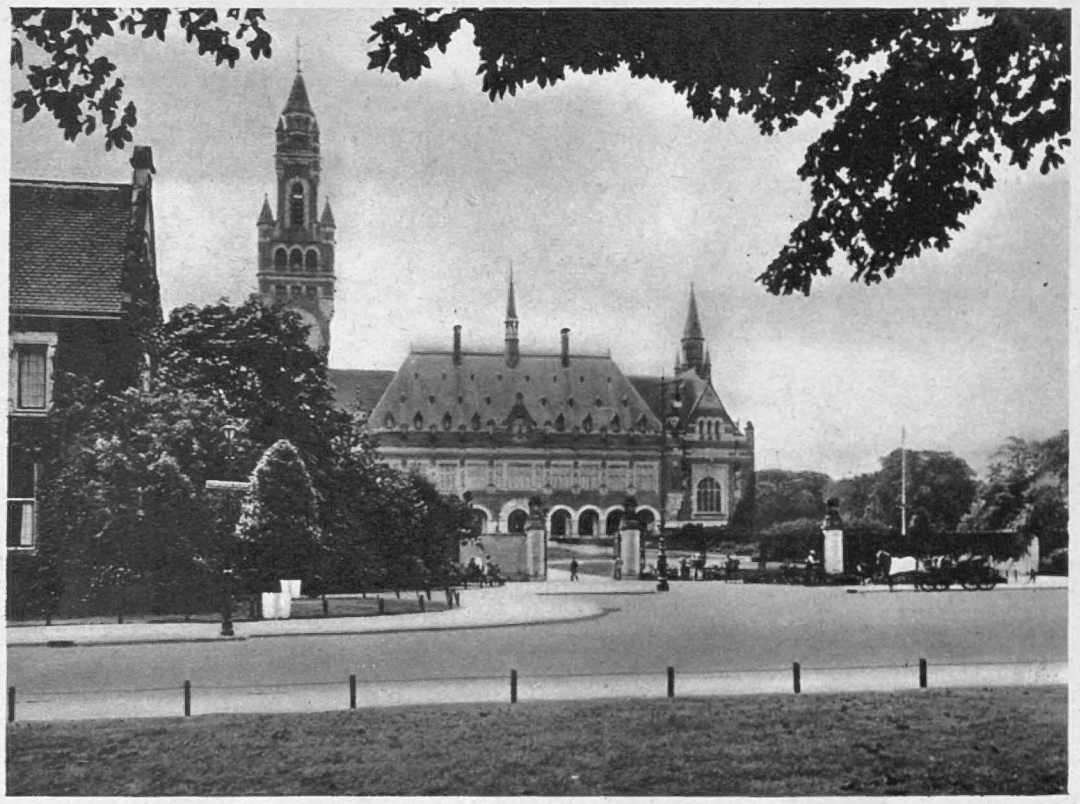
The Soviet obstruction demonstrates Russia's opinion of a World Court, and this is underlined by the attitude of its satellite, Albania. It is possible that the World Court will live or fade by virtue of what happens over the Corfu Channel.

There never was a clearer case for a Tribunal whose *raison d'être* is the suppressing of warlike acts. In bellicose—and perhaps saner—days gone by, the killing of forty-four seamen of the Royal Navy in a recognised and constantly swept international waterway, at a point only 300 yards from the shore where the minefield could only have been laid by the Albanian authorities or with their knowledge, the killing and the outrageous counter-attack by a swollen-headed dwarf, would have brought a prompt naval demonstration.

There never was a clearer invitation to settle a matter of reparation, compensation and apologies. But what a hope! The British Government filed its case in May, after the mining had been referred to the World Court by the Security Council. Albania hadn't presented her "memorial" up to this writing.

Lake Success reports that the using or boycotting of the World Court by many nations should depend on what happens over the Corfu mining.

Alas! poor Vredespaleis, you look like continuing to be the loneliest building in Europe, a temple dumped among people not of the same cult, and therefore ignoring you.



THE VREDESPALEIS AT THE HAGUE—THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE WHICH FERDINAND TUOHY DESCRIBES AS THE LONELIEST BUILDING IN EUROPE: At the San Francisco Conference the fifty-one members of the United Nations accepted the Court as part of the new world organisation and as a legacy from the old League. The Court is composed of a body of independent judges elected regardless of their nationality. Of the fifteen judges, however, no two may be nationals of the same State. They are elected by the Security Council and the General Assembly of the United Nations. The Vredespaleis was built by Carnegie for £2,000,000. The ultra-slowness of its legislation has made it something of a white elephant, and it would appear to be no more effective under the United Nations than it was under the auspices of the League

KOREA

HOT-SPOT OF EAST ASIA

Where a United Nations Commission Will Prepare the Way for Independence

A BATTLE IN THE STREETS OF SEOUL : Korean police rounding up demonstrators with the aid of a lorry during a recent disturbance in the capital, when South Koreans, living in the United States Zone south of Latitude 38, called for immediate elections to be held independently of the Soviet-controlled Northern Zone. Korea was promised its independence by the Allies at the Cairo Conference in 1943, but there have been so many disagreements on policy between the American and Russian-occupying troops that there is now an iron curtain between the two zones, and they are being run independently. South Koreans are weary of this state of affairs, regarding it as the one barrier to their hopes of independence, but now comes the news that a United Nations Commission is being despatched to Seoul and will seek to find means of giving the 30,000,000 Koreans on both sides of this iron curtain the statehood they desire

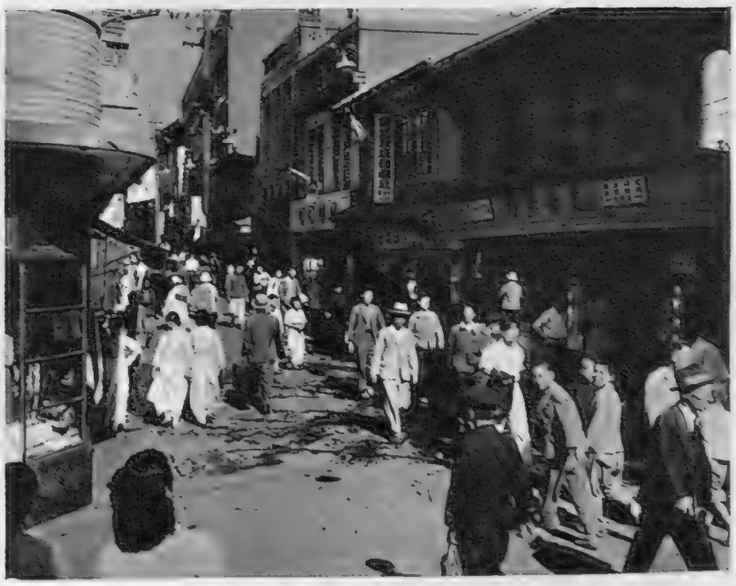
THE MORGAN LINE OF EAST ASIA : American troops engaged in rifle practice at a camp on the 38th parallel, the line that divides North and South Korea into two separate administrative and economic units. Korean Nationalists bitterly resent this division

A POWER IN THE NEW KOREA : Dr. Syngman Rhee, who may be leader of independent Korea

AN UNENVIABLE TASK : Lieut.-General John Hodge, commander of the American Zone of occupation in Southern Korea

THE POST-WAR SITUATION IN KOREA : North of Latitude 38 is the Soviet Zone, a largely industrial area rich in coal, iron-ore and timber. South of this latitude is the American Zone, an agricultural area. The capital, Seoul, lies in this southern zone

At the close of the sixteenth century Korea was invaded by the armies of Hideyoshi, the Japanese Genghis Khan, who spread desolation and ruin throughout the prosperous state before he finally withdrew. Korea never really recovered from that blow, and its fertile lands remained the envy of neighbours. In 1904 Korea, still clinging to independence, was the immediate cause of the Russo-Japanese War. After the war Japan occupied Korea, and in 1910 she annexed it. The Koreans have never forgotten the years of their independence, however, and in 1943 they secured a promise from the Allies at the Cairo Conference that in the post-war settlement Korea should again achieve statehood. That promise will be implemented beyond all doubt, but at the moment there is a big stumbling block. This is the 38th parallel. This line was originally intended as a demarcation line for the Soviet and American Armies of Occupation, the former occupying the industrial north and the latter the agrarian south. Unfortunately it has become a hard and fast barrier between two separate administrative and economic areas. It will be the task of the United Nations Commission to settle Russo-American differences, and to find a formula for statehood so that a united Korea may emerge from the divided land



TWO ASPECTS OF SOUTH KOREA, THE AMERICAN ZONE OF OCCUPATION AND THE CENTRE OF THE NATION'S AGRICULTURE : *Left*—A line of workers setting the rice in water-filled paddies during the planting season. Korea is immensely fertile, and for that reason has always been regarded with envy by her neighbours. *Right*—The capital city of Seoul, headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. Seoul has a population of about 1,000,000 inhabitants

Aviation News: Mostly from America

FLYING WINGS, FLYING FREIGHTERS AND AMPHIBIANS

NORTHROPS STUDY A GERMAN FLYING WING: Engineers at Hawthorne, California, examining the Horten 6, a 78-ft. flying-wing glider built by two German youths in 1944 and captured by the Allies at the close of the war. As this glider is credited with having set up a world's altitude record, its aerodynamic features are being fully investigated by Northrops, for a quarter of a century the leading exponents of flying-wing design on the American continent

"THE NEAREST THING TO A BIRD EVER DESIGNED": An engineer of the Northrop Aero Institute at Hawthorne, California, demonstrating the pilot's position in the Horten 6, the remarkable German glider which has been brought to the United States for examination in view of any possible design improvements to be learnt from it. The pilot takes up a prone position with his head beneath a plastic bubble, and he controls the craft with a hand-wheel and toe rudder-pedals. For an emergency bale-out, a gadget automatically releases the pilot's parachute, and a moment before this the metal hatch-cover is jettisoned. The Horten 6 has a wing-span of 78 ft.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE INTRODUCE ANOTHER GIANT: The XC-99, now claimed to be the largest land-based aircraft in the world, seen after its first test flight at San Diego, California. The plane is able to carry 400 soldiers a distance of 8,000 miles

A PRODIGIOUS TRANSPORT IS AIRBORNE FOR THE FIRST TIME—THE CONVAIR XC-99 FLYING OVER LINDBERGH FIELD, SAN DIEGO, ON ITS MAIDEN TEST TRIP: XC-99 has been built for troop transport and cargo-carrying. It weighs about 132 tons and is about the same size as the Bristol Brabazon

It is difficult to keep pace with American aircraft-building developments, largely by reason of the complicated numberings of their new types. For a long while it was claimed that the Consolidated Vultee B-36 bomber and its civil version, the Convair 37, were the largest land-based planes in the world, but it appears that they are both exceeded by the Convair XC-99, a transport version, which has just made its appearance at San Diego, California. This prodigious aircraft is expected to carry 400 soldiers at a top speed of 300 m.p.h., and its fully-loaded range is 8,000 miles. The ceiling is 30,000 ft. The Convair 36, a bomber, is now in full production in the United States, but it is understood that the Convair 37 has been abandoned after the expenditure of over £2,000,000 on its development and construction. The Convair XC-99 will now complete its trials, and a decision will then be taken whether or not to put the machine into full production for the United States Forces. It is powered by six 3,000-h.p. Pratt and Whitney Wasp Major engines

ORDERED BEFORE THEY ARE BUILT: This is the prototype of the new twin-engined Sealand amphibian flying-boat now being built at Short's Belfast factory and designed for charter or feeder work. Already Norway has sent in orders for the Sealand

It is widely felt that there is a big future for the amphibious feeder air-liner, and only recently British experts had the opportunity of viewing the ten-seater Mallard produced by the Grumman Corporation at Bethpage, New York. Britain has a similar machine of great potentiality in the Short Sealand, the prototype of which has just been produced at Belfast, and it is significant that Norway has already come forward with orders for this five-eight-seater. The Sealand is intended primarily for short haul-work over coastal routes, and it can be used as an amphibian or solely as a flying-boat. In the latter capacity the Sealand has a payload of 1,500 lb. The Sealand has an economical cruising speed of 127 m.p.h. It can be fitted with skis

THE FIRST SEALAND MAKES ITS BOW: The new five-eight-seater Short Amphibian being taken from the construction shop at Short's Belfast factory before being installed in a hangar. The tail surfaces, wings and airscrews were removed, and the hull was borne on a special steel trolley and tractor-drawn

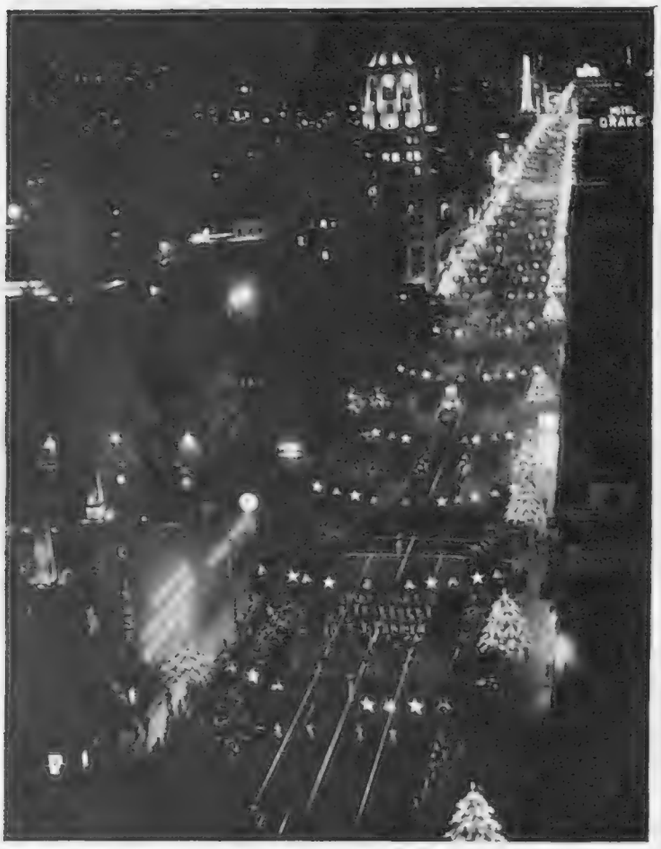
THE "FLYING BOX-CAR"—A BRAND-NEW VERSION OF THE FAIRCHILD PACKET: This is the United States Air Force's C-119, designed to fly farther and faster with troops and cargo than the C-82, which made its appearance last year. The C-119 can carry a nine-ton cargo a distance of 2,000 miles at a cruising speed of 200 m.p.h., an increase of 25 m.p.h. over its predecessor. It is said that 700 of the planes could carry a full division and all its equipment. In THE SPHERE of August 24, 1946, a picture was reproduced showing the C-82 loading a 25-pounder gun. The Fairchild Packet has rightly earned the name of the "flying box-car"

THE AMERICAN NAVY IS IN SEARCH OF MORE RECORDS: This is the new Sonic "Skyrocket," the D-558 II, a needle-nosed, swept-back-wing machine powered with both rocket and jet propulsion. The Mark I version of this machine has already made history by capturing the world's speed record from the American Army's P-80 R. The D-558 II has a designed speed of 760 m.p.h. at sea-level and 660 m.p.h. at 35,000 ft. The sweep-back is 33 degrees on the wing and 40 degrees on the tail. The nose is entirely jettisonable with the pilot, so that the released pilot can afterwards make an emergency parachute descent

THE GHOST FLEET OF THE JAMES RIVER IS AGAIN IN THE NEWS—IDLE U.S. NAVY TANKERS WHICH MAY BE PRESSED INTO SERVICE TO BOLSTER UP FUEL STOCKS ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD : An aerial view of just a few of the hundreds of ships which the United States Government has laid up since the close of the war. It is now felt that the laying-up policy has been too drastic by far, and the National Petroleum Council's Committee on Supplies and Availability has urged that the tankers be employed forthwith in order to combat the fuel shortage. It appears that oil stocks in the Eastern States are 10,000,000 barrels lower than they were a year ago. This represents about five weeks' supply. Before the winter is out the shortage may be acute, and the Committee urges that there is no time to be lost. The additional oil could not be transported by rail without causing chaos on certain sections of the transcontinental railway system

A World Survey

FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES



HOLLYWOOD GOES GAY—THE START OF THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SEASON IN THE FILM CAPITAL : An overhead view of Hollywood Boulevard during the annual parade to mark the official start of festivities. Film and radio stars took part in the parade, and the decorated floats were arranged on the usual lavish scale. Below on the left is the Chinese Theatre, where so many first nights take place. Illuminated Christmas-trees adorned the boulevard

WHERE A BRIDGE WILL SPAN THE TIGRIS AT BAGDAD : An Arab work gang mixing concrete near the first caisson of the bridge which will link the railway systems of the west bank with that of the east bank. Afloat on the river on the right of the picture can be seen the existing train ferry, which is extremely slow and cumbersome in operation

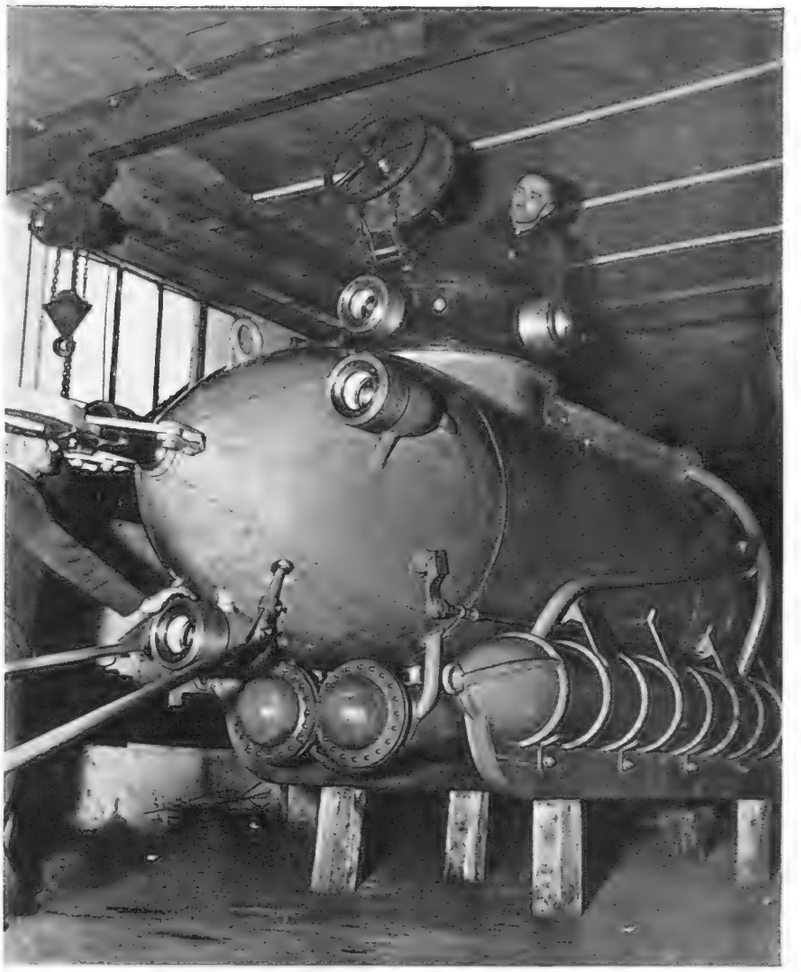
THE TIGRIS BRIDGE BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE—THREE ABUTMENT ARCHES IN POSITION ON ONE SIDE OF THE RIVER AFTER THE FIRST SIX MONTHS' WORK ON THE SITE : When the bridge is complete rail traffic from Basra will connect via Bagdad Station with Persia and the vitally important Kirkuk oilfields

In 1945 the total route mileage of the Iraqi State Railways was just about 1,000, but at the chief point of contact between the various routes there are two barriers to progress, one being the differing gauges of the tracks and the other the River Tigris. Through travellers from Basra, on the Persian Gulf, to the Kirkuk oilfields have thus had to cross the Bagdad wagon ferry, and a lengthy business it is indeed, with each coach or freight car having to be put aboard the ferry individually. At least part of the problem will be solved by the construction of the new seven-span bridge across the Tigris, and already work on the project has been going on for six months. The new bridge will carry both the metre-gauge railway and a wide carriageway. It will be the first bridge ever constructed across the Tigris, and should play a big part in the commercial development of the Mesopotamian basin

ITALY HAS A DEEP-SEA SUBMARINE: An engineer at work within the craft under construction at Lecco, Northern Italy, for the Italian engineer and scientist Pietro Vassena. The submarine is to make its first dive in the Lake of Como, and it is expected to reach a depth of 3,000 ft. or more. Later it will be tried out in the open sea. The submarine can remain under water for twenty hours, and it is specially equipped to resist the vast pressures which it will meet at depth. The submarine will be used for scientific purposes, and also for the investigation of wrecks. Professor August Piccard, the distinguished Belgian balloonist and submarine explorer, is said to be interested in Vassena's project

THE COMMUNIST FILIBUSTER HOLDS UP THE AFFAIRS OF FRANCE: Communist leader Jacques Duclos (third from right; wearing glasses) leaving the French National Assembly with other Communist deputies after occupying the Chamber all night. Raoul Calas (second from right) had occupied the Speaker's tribune throughout the night, in defiance of a vote suspending him from the Chamber. The incident arose during the debate in the Assembly on the second of two emergency Bills which Premier Schuman's Ministry tabled with the express object of protecting the right to work and of dealing with sabotage and incitement to sabotage. Against these Bills the Communist Party employed every device of procrastination by procedure, by interruptions and by filibustering. While this was going on France was half-paralysed by strikes

MALAYA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL GIVES HIS BLESSING: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald shaking hands with his house-boy Wang Poh Kee, after his marriage at Singapore to Miss Loi Sue. Mrs. MacDonald stands on the Governor-General's right. The wedding was held in an upstairs room of a Chinese school-house in Singapore, according to the reformed Chinese marriage ceremony. The traditional kow-tows were replaced by bows. The ceremony started with the arrival of the bridal party amidst a roar of fire-crackers. Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald sat among the crowd of Chinese wedding guests while the half-hour ceremony was performed



JULES VERNE AND CO. AT WORK IN NORTHERN ITALY: Pietro Vassena's deep-sea submarine which is shortly to be tried out in Lake Como. In the nose are windows, headlights and a mechanical grab for securing specimens from the depths

THE "NEW MEXICO" IS CONDEMNED TO THE SCRAP-YARD: The veteran 33,000-ton battleship of the United States Navy passing between Staten Island and Bayonne, New Jersey, en route to the scrap-yards of Newark. In the background is Bayonne cantilever bridge. The *New Mexico* was completed in April 1917, and is a sister-ship of the *Idaho*. The United States Navy Department is replacing them with the *Kentucky* and the *Hawaii*, the latter being America's first missile-carrying warship. The *New Mexico* escaped the disaster of Pearl Harbour, and played a vital role in Pacific operations during the period when the United States was regaining her strength at sea. After a severe bomb hit on the bridge in January 1945 the *New Mexico* was sent into dock, and radical alterations were made

PALESTINE JEWRY BRIEFLY REJOICES

On Hearing the United Nations' Decision to Partition the Land

DR. OSWALDO ARANHA MAKES THE DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT OF PARTITION: The President of the General Assembly of the United Nations giving the result of the voting on Palestine at Flushing Meadows, New York. The delegates voted in favour of Partition 33–13

WILD REJOICINGS IN THE ALL-JEWISH CITY OF TEL AVIV: An acclaiming crowd in the heart of Palestine's seaside city when the news became known that the United Nations had declared for Partition, decreeing that the new Jewish and Arab states should come into being by the autumn of 1948 and that British troops should by then have evacuated the country. There were rejoicings among Jews in every part of Palestine, and they were followed within a few hours by acts of Arab violence and a three-day Arab strike inspired by the Arab Higher Committee

It was a great moment when Dr. Aranha was able to announce the firm decision of the United Nations that Palestine should be partitioned. It seemed that the new world organisation had at last done something tangible towards world order. Everywhere Jewry applauded the decision, and in the towns and cities of Palestine exuberant Jewish youth let itself go in a round of rejoicing and merry-making. That rejoicing, the subject of the pictures on this page, was short-lived, however, fading out in the face of stern Arab reaction. From Cairo and Damascus came the call to arms. The Arab states of the Middle East came forward at once with their official protests, and in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv Arab citizens started a three-day strike, accompanied by anti-Jewish violence. There was talk of a Holy War. In Nablus, 25 miles north of Jerusalem, a centre of the Arab revolt in 1936, armed Arabs began to converge from the hills. In Jerusalem Jewish shops were looted; six Jews were killed and twenty-five were wounded on one day alone. It seemed that the statement from Flushing Meadows had let loose a new terror in the streets, directed this time not at the British soldier, but at the would-be founders of the new all-Jewish State

DANCING IN THE COURTYARD OF THE JEWISH AGENCY: A gay scene in Jerusalem after the announcement of Partition and just before the Arab storm-clouds began to gather. Watching the dancing from a balcony were leading members of the Jewish community

BRITISH SOLDIERS TOOK PART IN THE SHORT-LIVED JUBILATION: *Left*—Outside the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem they were hoisted on high by the crowd. Even Jewry recognised that throughout the months of toil the British soldier had gone about his business fairly though fearlessly. *Right*—In the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv girls and boys marched through the streets singing national Jewish songs, little guessing that vigorous Arab reprisals were in store for them

MILAN'S UMBRELLA INSURRECTION

Demonstrators Seize the Prefecture, Defying Authority and the Weather

In all outward respects the Milan umbrella insurrection was a Gilbertian affair, and even the Milanese Communists, who take their politics with due seriousness, must have felt a measure of embarrassment as, armed with their umbrellas in the face of the first great winter snowstorm, they seized the Prefecture and the offices of civic government. If their actions were not without an element of comic opera, the umbrella insurrection certainly had a deep underlying significance. Signor Troilo, Milan's Prefect, was dismissed by de Gasperi's Government for his constant concessions to workers. The Government decided that a firm hand was necessary to bring peace and order to the industrial north, and Troilo's dismissal was the first shot to be fired in the campaign.

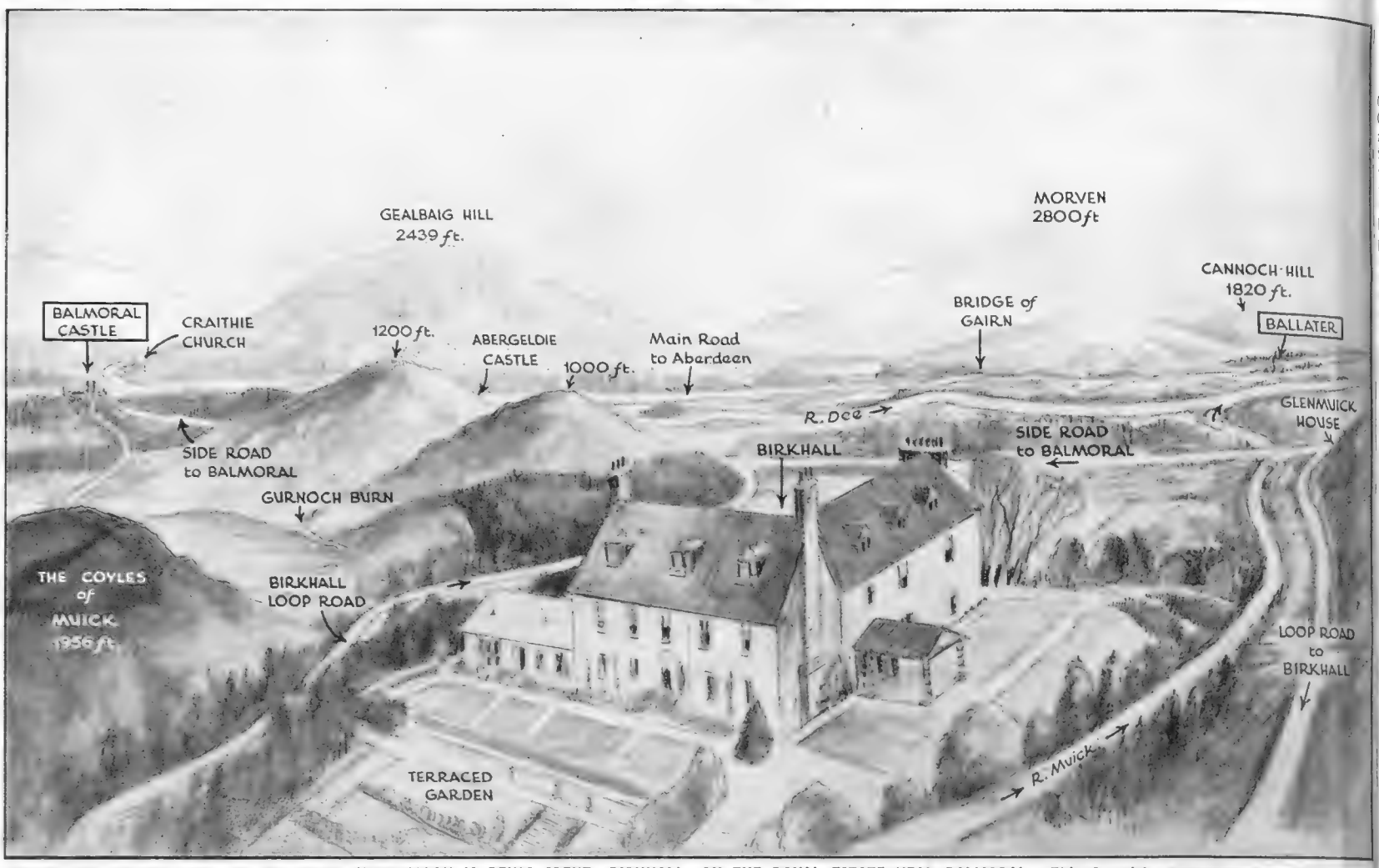
The Milan Communists retaliated with speed. A lightning strike was called. To all intents and purposes the city was paralysed. From Rome the Minister of the Interior called upon the commander of the local garrison to assume full civil and military powers, and armoured cars and troops were soon patrolling the streets.

While the Government appeared to be showing a firm hand the umbrella insurrectionists did not exactly lose the day, for Signor Troilo was temporarily restored to his post as Prefect and a delegation which went to Rome on his behalf was informed that he would shortly be given a high diplomatic appointment.

UMBRELLAS TO THE LEFT OF THEM! UMBRELLAS TO THE RIGHT OF THEM! UMBRELLAS BEFORE THEM!: This was the charge of the 600 on Milan's Prefecture when Milanese Communists and other Left Wing supporters poured through the strike-paralysed city to protest against the removal of the Prefect of the city, Signor Troilo, by order of the Ministry of the Interior. A lightning strike was called in Milan, and the demonstrators refused to leave the Prefecture even in the face of threats by the military. The demonstration coincided with Milan's first big snowstorm of the season

RIVAL BARRICADES IN THE STREETS OF ITALY'S INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL: *Left*—Lorries parked across a street to prevent the military dispersing demonstrators in the region of the Prefecture. *Right*—An Army machine-gun-carrier and an anti-tank gun commanding a street. After a day of rioting and disturbance the strike came to an end, and it was announced that the Prefect, about whose dismissal the fuss had started, would temporarily remain in office

UMBRELLAS TO THE FORE IN AND AROUND MILAN'S PREFECTURE: *Left*—Demonstrators occupying the courtyard of the Prefecture as a protest against the Prefect's dismissal, and (*right*) standing round one of their lorry barricades in a street leading to the Prefecture. When Milan went back to normal after twenty-four hours, even the snow stopped, and so ended the "umbrella insurrection," which at one time looked as if it might be the *raison d'être* for a general uprising of the Left. Three days later Milan had another diversion—this time a riot on the Stock Exchange



WHERE THE SECOND PART OF THE ROYAL HONEYMOON IS BEING SPENT—BIRKHALL, ON THE ROYAL ESTATE NEAR BALMORAL: This Scottish country house occupies a tongue of rising ground at the mouth of Glen Muick and has been in the possession of the Royal Family for nearly a century, having been purchased by the Prince Consort—*Drawing by Percy Home*

HISTORY IN STONE

The Honeymoon Home on Deeside: Restoring Gray's Inn; and an Essex Chapel

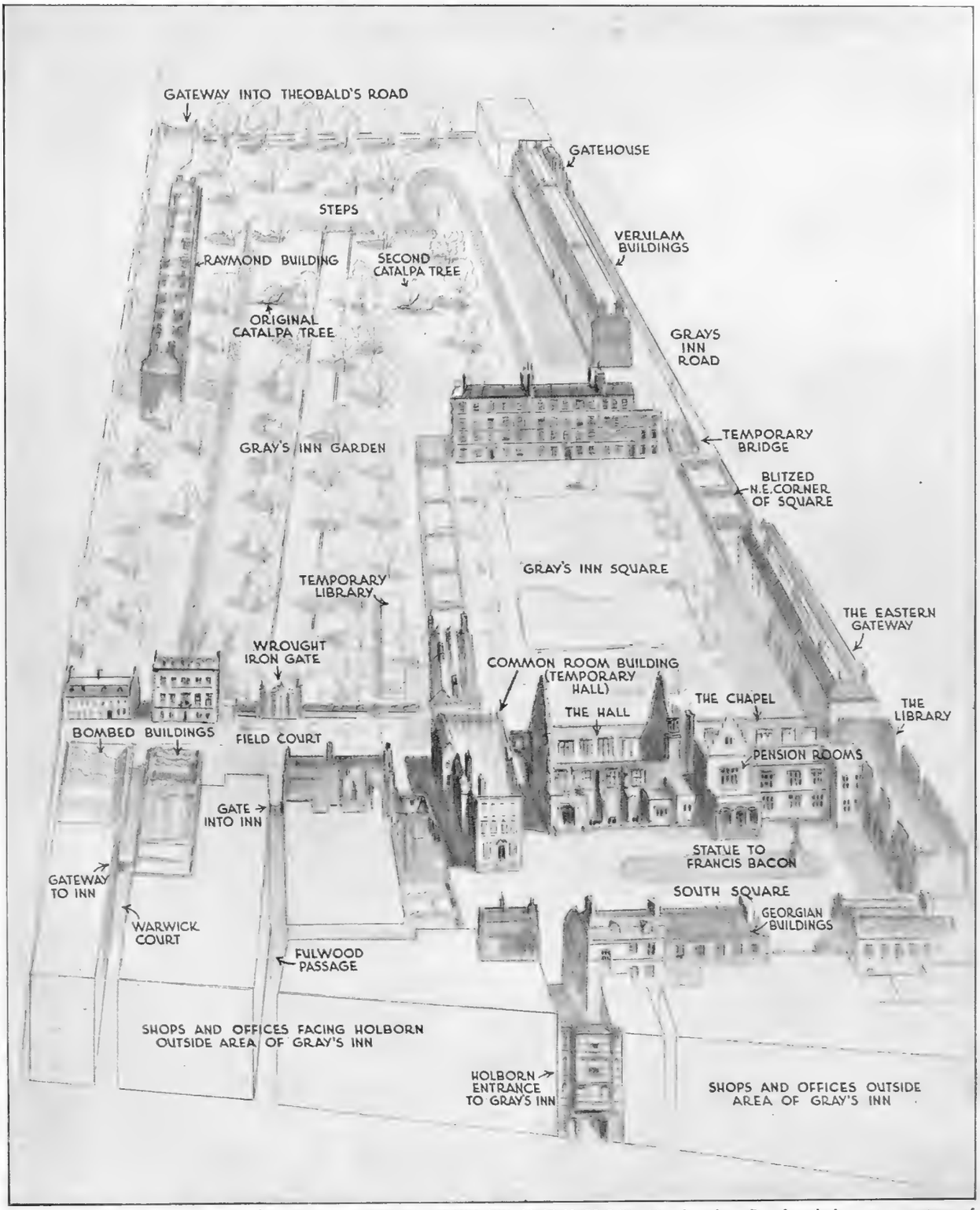
Situated to the east of Balmoral, across two hills with the Gurnock Burn running in between, stands the house where Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip are concluding the second part of their honeymoon. Birkhall, which was bought for the young Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) and his tutor, was built about the time the Earl of Mar was raising the Jacobite standard on the nearby Braes of Mar. A loop road practically surrounds the house and the adjacent property, with its sloping gardens, and the little River Muick, flowing from Loch Muick, passes through part of the grounds. The nearest residences to Birkhall are Abergeldie Castle, another Royal possession, and Glenmuick House. Hills of over 2,000 ft. rise north of the River Dee, into which the River Muick flows, and close to Balmoral stands Crathie Church, where the Royal Family attend Divine Service. At Birkhall Princess Elizabeth spent much time during holidays on Deeside as a child

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. PETER'S-ON-THE-WALL, BRADWELL-ON-SEA, ESSEX, ONE OF THE EARLIEST CONSECRATED BUILDINGS IN ENGLAND: Erected by St. Cedd in the seventh century, the chapel is suffering from years of neglect and is badly in need of repair. A fund has been opened for its restoration. It lies in the Chelmsford diocese

ST. PETER'S-ON-THE-WALL FROM THE NORTH-WEST: All that remains of t stones and tiles, all of Roman origin. The eastern apse has gone, t

On right—The fortunes of Gray's Inn reached their zenith in Elizabethan and Stuart times, only to suffer periods of decline in later years. Modern times have witnessed a great revival, however, and to-day the Inn prospers as a legal college. Lord Birkenhead was largely responsible for accomplishing the revival, but unfortunately the bombing of London, during the Second World War, caused extensive damage to the Inn. The old hall, the chapel, the benchers' room and the recently reconstructed library, considered to be one of the finest legal libraries, all suffered, and the two main squares equally paid toll. There is a scheme afoot which may now remedy matters, for the American Bar Association is helping with the restoration of some of London's legal homes, and Gray's Inn may be fortunate in securing this aid.

During the blitz the splendid carved wooden screen, traditionally the gift of Queen Elizabeth, was rescued from the old hall when one part of it was alight. Fortunately it had been removed from its position during alterations then in progress, and it was possible to haul it out of the doomed building. The magnificent timber roof has completely vanished, but the walls remain standing, as do those of the chapel and the Pension rooms, in which the benchers meet to discuss the business of the Inn. The word "pension" signifies a financial payment, and the term certainly dates from 1446, when it occurs in the Black Books of Lincoln's Inn. It is proposed to reconstruct the damaged chambers in the Georgian tradition so characteristic of the Inns of Court. The northern blocks suffered little damage. The gateway of the Inn leading to Holborn luckily escaped destruction, as it has many Dickensian associations. The gardens of Gray's Inn are particularly notable, being linked with the names of Bacon, Addison, Lamb and Sir Walter Raleigh.



ONE OF THE FOUR GREAT LEGAL ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON—GRAY'S INN AS IT IS TO-DAY: The American Bar Association, as a gesture of friendship towards the legal homes of London, has set in motion a plan for the restoration of some of the chief buildings which suffered from enemy action. The old hall, chapel and library of Gray's Inn all suffered badly through bombing—*Drawing by Percy Home*

building made out of squared ether with the western porch

Now to be restored to its proper use is the Chapel of St. Peter's-on-the-Wall, Bradwell-on-Sea, Essex. Built in the seventh century by St. Cedd, Bishop of the East Saxons, across the western wall of the Roman fortress of Othana, then in ruins and known as Ythancestir, it is one of the earliest consecrated buildings in the country. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and until after the Restoration, the chapel was used as a lighthouse. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the building was reroofed and used as a barn. It continued as a farm building until 1920, when it was transferred to trustees as a gift to the Diocese of Chelmsford for restoration as a sacred building. The chapel is built out of small squared stones and tiles, with a few larger stones from a gateway, all of Roman origin. The main portion or nave of the building now standing is 54 ft. 8 ins. by 26 ft.

On right—**NOW TO BE RESTORED TO ITS PROPER USE—THE CHAPEL OF ST. PETER'S FROM THE SOUTH-EAST: The building is now in the keeping of the Diocese of Chelmsford, after having been used as a lighthouse and also as a farm building**

WEIGHING UP SALLY

The London Zoo's Malayan Bear Cub Has Winning Ways

SALLY DOES NOT LIKE WALKING ON A LEAD: With teeth gnashing and eyes flashing, she turns on Keeper Pillborough and indicates just what she thinks about this sort of undignified treatment. Sally soon calms down after a little cajolery from the keeper, and consents to get off her hind legs

This should be the story of three bears; but one of them has taken all the limelight. She is Sally, one of the three Malayan bear cubs which recently arrived at the London Zoo, Regent's Park, from Borneo. Sally has winning ways, and doesn't she know it! When the three cubs (now five months old) are playing in their compound, Sally capers about to such good purpose that she not only gets the publicity but also more tit-bits than her more modest brothers, Roger and Billy. Visitors think Sally is tame and cuddlesome, and, like many a European dictator, she finds it pays to be nice to children. Sally goes out daily on a lead, but she dislikes wearing a collar, and the keeper usually has to bribe her with a warm drink while he slips on the offending garment. At five months Sally and her brothers are the size of Airedale puppies. Sally turns the scale at just over 20 lb., and she is gaining nearly 2 lb. weekly. Roger and Billy are lagging behind a bit

"MAYBE THEY'LL CUT MY HONEY RATION AFTER THIS?" Sally, one of the three Malayan bear cubs at London Zoo, looks grim and a trifle apprehensive as she is weighed at Regent's Park. At five months old she turns the scale at 20 lb. and seems to gain in stature every day. The weighing straps, it will be seen, pass beneath her armpits, fitting snugly enough, but Sally gives the impression she is enduring indescribable tortures

SALLY IS A NOSEY BEAR: She talks to two children at Regent's Park on one of her daily outings. The only thing that worries her is the restraining lead of Keeper Pillborough

A CLIFF ESTATE OF THIRTEEN HOUSES IS SLOWLY SUCCUMBING TO THE ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SEA: All that remains of two houses, one of them a rectory, which have been destroyed through erosion at Caister, near Yarmouth. Although the people of Caister have been calling for the adoption of anti-erosion measures for twenty years and more, nothing has been done to save the houses on the cliff-edge. A direct appeal is now being made to the Queen by the mothers of Caister, and the 200th signature has already been appended to the document which will in due course be sent to Buckingham Palace

A FEW FEET MORE AND THE LAST REMAINING WALLS WILL CRUMBLE ON TO THE FORESHORE: This picture evidences the way in which the houses of Caister have been gradually undermined in the course of the years

THE SEA'S THREAT TO CAISTER

An East Coast Village is the Victim of Erosion

The mothers of Caister are appealing to the Queen to help in saving their village from the sea. Three thousand worried people of the village have watched the sea advance on Caister at the rate of 10 ft. a year, sometimes 10 ft. in a night when the winds blow. Houses and hotels have been swept away, and still the erosion continues. A 200th signature has just been put to a letter to the Queen, which Miss Gertrude Haylett, lifeboatman's daughter and Sunday School teacher, has been taking from door to door. A sea wall has been asked for, and the village has been appealing for defences for twenty years, declares Mr. Jack Chase, a parish councillor. The threat of the sea to No. 13, The Warren, Caister, has alarmed the entire village. No. 13 is the only standing survivor of a cliff estate of thirteen houses; the others, including the rectory, have fallen victims to sea erosion in previous winters. Yet the occupants of No. 13, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams, are the least perturbed people in the village. They paid a good price for the house a few years ago and intend to stay: five yards from the house at high tide the sea lashes the foot of the cliff. Week by week Mrs. Williams and her husband watch their garden gradually being eaten away by the sea. Littered around No. 13 are the broken remains of the twelve other houses, and just behind the breakers—50 yards from the cliff—a pill-box, part of the wartime coastal defences, juts ominously out of the sea. The Williamses call it their "Stonehenge." Thirty miles or so to the south of Caister is Dunwich, now a mere village but in Saxon days a great port and the capital of East Anglia. Much of the old Dunwich now lies beneath the invading sea, and Caister people are anxious that the same thing shall not happen to their humbler but none the less important village

THE SEA PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS AT CAISTER: *Left*—A wartime pill-box dislodged, together with its concrete base, by the eroding action of the sea. The pill-box stands a few yards from No. 13, The Warren, the home of the Williams family (*right*), which is now perched precariously on the cliff-edge. At high tides the ground is steadily gnawed away, but at the moment the Williamses have no intention of abandoning their home

NAVAL and MERCHANT NAVAL OCCASIONS

And Other Home News in Pictures

TO TRADE BETWEEN MARSEILLES AND CORSICA: The "Commandant Quere" about to enter the water at Woolston, Southampton, after being launched from John I. Thornycroft's yard. The ship recalls an heroic episode in the Second World War, the sinking of the "General Bonaparte"

THE LAUNCH OF THE "COMMANDANT QUERE": The priest of St. Patrick's Church, Woolston, Southampton, performing the blessing ceremony before this new passenger and cargo steamer left the ways at John I. Thornycroft's yard. The ship was named by Madame Lellouche on behalf of the French Merchant Navy and in memory of Commandant Quere, who in 1943 went down with his torpedoed ship the *General Bonaparte*. The new vessel, capable of carrying 992 passengers and 1,000 tons of cargo, will operate between Marseilles and Corsica. Her owners will be the Compagnie de Navigation Fraissinet, which is the oldest French shipping line

THE NEW C.-IN-C. AND THE OLD C.-IN-C. AT PLYMOUTH: Admiral Sir Robert L. Burnett (left), who succeeded Admiral Sir Henry Pridham-Wippell (right), seen together at the handing-over ceremony. Massed Royal Marine bands from H.M.S. "Drake" and "Raleigh" beat "Retreat" when Sir Henry's flag was hauled down

THE EAST ANGLIAN HERRING FLEETS ARE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME: Fishing vessels preparing to unload their latest catch on the quayside at Lowestoft after returning with a big haul. The season was very slow in getting under way as the shoals failed to appear off the East Coast ports at the time expected. The herring, it appears, were held up by a prolific crop of minute organisms in the water forming a barrier across the North Sea which not even the great spawning urge could surmount. On October 28, however, Yarmouth reported an £8,500 haul, and since then conditions have steadily improved. Under the 1946 plan announced by the Herring Industry Board, the fish are to be made available to many new markets. Quick freezing has opened up the possibility of keeping stocks of summer- and autumn-caught herrings for release to markets in months of scarcity

THE NEW C.-IN-C. INSPECTS HIS GUARD OF HONOUR: Admiral Sir Robert Burnett at Admiralty House, Plymouth, where a salute of seventeen guns marked his taking over. When war broke out Admiral Burnett was Commodore at Chatham. In 1942 he was Rear-Admiral Commanding the Home Fleet Destroyers, and in the following year he had command of the 10th Cruiser Squadron

MEET THE POTTERS OF JACOB'S WELL : Lady Clifford with her daughters, Atalanta (left), Anne and Pamdora (right), at Queen Anne's Farm, Jacob's Well, Guildford, where they have established a pottery which is very much of a family business. Lady Clifford is the American-born wife of Sir Bede Clifford and was a sculptress in her youth. Her three daughters, Anne (eighteen), Pamdora (seventeen) and Atalanta (fifteen), are all trained artists. During last summer the family visited Italy and France to study the art of making pottery. Now they are producing beautiful ware from entirely original designs, firing it themselves in an electric kiln, painting and glazing it. The business has been in existence for only seven weeks, but already many export orders have been received for the highly original vases, pots, cups, plates, ornaments and ashtrays which the Cliffords produce. "Queen Anne" pottery, which is the trade name under which it is being marketed, is going to the Continent of Europe, the United States and South America, and a small proportion of the output is being sold on the home market

ANNE AND PAMDORA AND THEIR HAND-PAINTED VASES : Two of the photogenic daughters of Lady Clifford at work in the studio of their pottery works at Queen Anne's Farm, Jacob's Well, Guildford. Anne is a talented painter, and one of her canvases is seen on the easel on the left. The pictures adorning the walls are also among recent examples of her own work

OLD SOLDIERS OF THE GUARDS MEET IN LONDON : Mr. A. Farrow, Mr. H. Clark, Mr. A. Williams and Mr. G. Bennett seated together at the Horse and Dolphin in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, when they were guests at the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the Third Battalion Coldstream Guards. All four can recall the day fifty years ago when they took part in the first parade of the Third Battalion. The regiment itself is amongst the oldest in the Army, and really dates from 1650, when Cromwell took certain units from his New Model Army and made them into a new regiment. The Third Battalion, offshoot of the First and Second Battalions, served with considerable distinction in the First World War

THE COXSWAIN OF FALMOUTH LIFEBOAT RETIRES : Mr. John Charles Snell (right, wearing cap) shaking hands with his successor after completing forty-three years in the lifeboat service. For seventeen of those forty-three years he has been coxswain, operating one of the most arduous lifeboat stations on Britain's coasts. 2nd Engineer Charles Brown (left) is now taking over the position of coxswain

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE SCALA THEATRE : The Princess being greeted on arrival to see a performance of Barrie's play "The Boy David," presented by the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. One Press report stated : "Princess Margaret showed herself to be a fully grown-up Princess able to handle a public function alone and with all the charm and grace of her mother or her sister. She performed all her Royal duties flawlessly"

The COLLEGE of ARMS

Incorporated in 1484, It is Still the Official Authority on Pedigrees and Coats of Arms

THE ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE OF ARMS IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET: The Heralds' College was incorporated by Richard III in 1484. It is the official authority on all matters concerning pedigrees and coats of arms. The present building was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in 1669 on the site of the town house of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, which was almost entirely destroyed in the Fire of London. Mary I had presented the original house to the College of Arms in 1555. Each day one of the six Heralds (Lancaster, Somerset, Chester, Windsor, York and Richmond) is on duty to deal with inquiries by the public, and his banner flies over the entrance. The uniformed warden on the steps is T. O. Slatter, ex-Royal Navy

VISITORS AWAITING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DUTY HERALD IN THE EARL MARSHAL'S COURT: Suspended from the walls and encased in cellophane wrappings are the banners of the Empire carried at King George VI's Coronation

THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE WILMOT FAMILY: This Heraldic curiosity dates from 1700. It is made entirely of pellets of rolled paper

IN THE LIBRARY OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: The archives of the Heralds' College contain more than 20,000 volumes, besides numerous documents and manuscripts, used to prove orders and precedence, rights to arms and pedigrees. The books on the chair in the picture above are more than 400 years old, and some of the painted coats of arms on the table 600 years. Seated on the left is the Chester Herald, Mr. J. D. Heaton-Armstrong, M.V.O.; on the right is the Somerset Herald, the Hon. George Bellew, M.V.O., and, in the background, Mr. W. J. G. Verco, a genealogist and an executive of the College

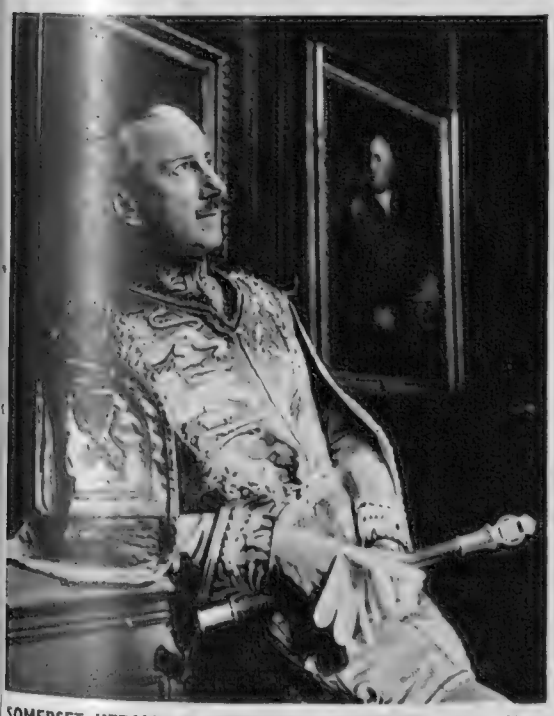
A HERALDIC ARTIST AT WORK: Mr. Gerald Cobb is engaged on a painting of the Arms of Guy's Hospital—or properly "The Corporation for the Management and Disposition of the Charities of Thomas Guy of London." He uses water-colours. Gold-dust was much used before the war, but this is no longer available

TRACING A FAMILY HISTORY AT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: Inquiries concerning academic points of heraldry, genealogy and ceremonial are answered by the College. Many Americans come to trace their English forbears, some of them in the hope that they may prove descent from a noble family, others in the hope of laying claim to wealth

THE CHAPTER OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: The chair is taken by the Garter King of Arms, Sir Algar Henry Stafford Howard, K.C.V.O., C.B., M.C., at the monthly meeting to discuss corporative administration, routine and matters affecting the ancient faculty of the Heralds. The three Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux and Norroy; the six Heralds—Somerset, Richmond, Lancaster, Windsor, Chester and York; and the four Pursuivants—Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Bluemantle and Portcullis (these last two are, at present, vacant) attend these meetings

IDENTIFYING THE ARMS OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD: The Somerset Herald, the Hon. George Bellew, M.V.O., and Rouge Croix Pursuivant, Mr. J. R. B. Walker, are examining a sixteenth-century cartouche. Heraldic antiquities of all kinds are sent to the College for identification, as well as the routine requests for tracing family ancestries

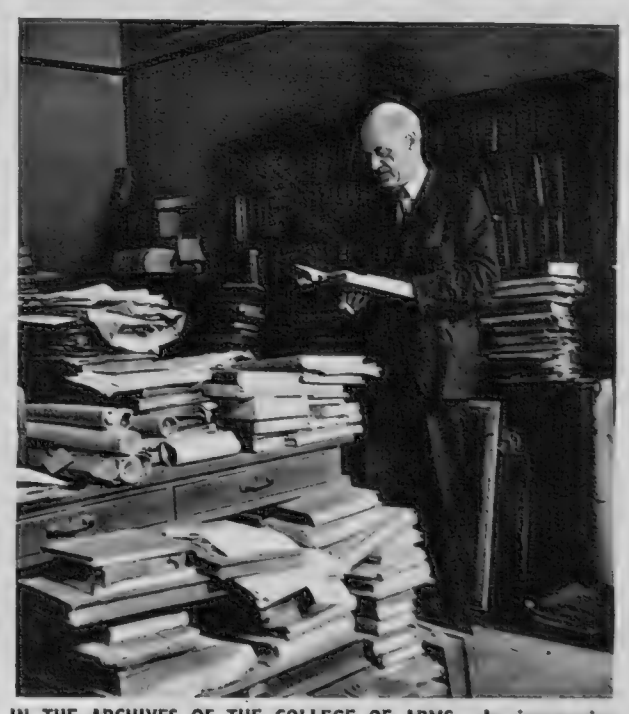
EXAMINING A PEDIGREE: Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms, Captain Michael Trappes-Lomax, in consultation with Somerset Herald and Chester Herald. Every family pedigree has to be approved by officially-appointed examiners before it is recorded by the College



SOMERSET HERALD IN CEREMONIAL COSTUME: The Hon. George Bellew, M.V.O., wears this costume only at ceremonies of State. The uniform, beneath the tabard of the Royal Arms, is of red and gold

The College of Arms, or Heralds' College, in Queen Victoria Street possesses the finest records on genealogical and heraldic subjects in the world and is the official repository of the arms and pedigrees of English, Dominion and Colonial families. There are thirteen officers of the College—three Kings of Arms, six Heralds and four Pursuivants. Derby House (replaced by the present building after the Fire of London) was presented to the College of Arms by Mary I in 1555 "to the end that the King of Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants and their successors might at their liking dwell together and at meet times to congregate, speak, confer and agree among themselves, for the good government of their faculty, and that their records might be more safely kept." Previously the Heralds had been housed in Pountney Lane, and, in the reign of Henry VII, at Rouncevall Priory near Charing Cross.

Richard III made the Royal Officers of Arms into a corporation, which was later called the College of Arms. Their armorial duties are not clearly defined. The patent of Edward IV creating John Wrythe, King of Arms of England, with the style Garter, speaks vaguely of the care of the office of arms and those things which belong to that office. They played a part in the ordering of tournaments, and their particular knowledge equipped them for the duty of accounting for nobility slain on the battlefield. A right to arms can now only be established by registration in the official records of the College of Arms of a Pedigree showing direct male descent line from an ancestor already appearing therein as being entitled to arms. But application can be made for a Coat of Arms. For a fee, they will design, in colour, a coat of arms and motto, which will not offend or cut across an existing one; or trace ancestry back as far as possible.



IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: An impression of the vast amount of data at the disposal of the officials of the College. Mr. Aubrey Toppin is engaged upon research which may mean many hours' work

TALENT SCOUTING FOR THE CIRCUS

The Mills Brothers Range Far and Wide

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE City editors, financial experts and members of the public who thought last year that the issue of the Bertram Mills Olympia Circus shares were priced too high can now eat their words. And in these hungry times, almost anything is worth eating. . . . . This season Cyril and Bernard Mills decided to start the booking for Olympia three weeks earlier than usual in order to stagger the rush for tickets. Instead, *they* were staggered. Not only had they received orders to the tune of £20,000 for seats before the box-office opened, but by November 22 all the 6s., 8s. and 10s. 6d. seats for both houses of the whole season had been sold out, and all the 12s. 6d. and 15s. seats sold up to January 12 (the Circus opens on December 19 and continues until January 31). Three days later all the 12s. 6d. and 15s. tickets had been sold up to January 19. It is probable that, as I write, only a few 12s. 6d. and 15s. matinee seats will be available for the last three or four days. Mind you, Cyril and Bernard Mills have, purely as a matter of principle, maintained their custom of having 500 unreserved seats price 4s. at each performance every day, thus giving poorer people a chance of seeing the circus, although the seats could be sold at a far higher price in advance, but the queues will be enormous.

The circus could, of course, have a much longer season to packed houses but for the fact that Olympia is booked for the *Daily Mail* "Ideal Homes" Exhibition on the day after the circus closes, while the opening date cannot be put forward because of the Building Exhibition.

"This year the circus will not be in the same street as that of last year," Cyril Mills told me. "It was astonishing how nice the public and the Press were to us for the 1946 season. They realised, of course, that we were working under every possible difficulty and that we had little or no choice in the acts we could secure. Many of the best pre-war acts had not had enough time to polish up their performances and get their feet back on the wire. This year we have numbers of acts absolutely new to this country."

"DIXIE" DEAN ACT IN REGENT'S PARK: One of the performing seals, newly-arrived from Sweden for the Olympia Circus, practising at the London Zoo, where they were accommodated in quarters enabling them to do their daily routine

In order to fill the bill, Cyril Mills flew thousands of miles in his own aeroplane. A typical twelve days of talent-hunting is provided by his diary from June 24 to July 5 this year. On June 24 he saw a circus in Edinburgh before flying back to London, spending next day in his office. On the 26th he flew to Paris and saw two circuses. The 27th found him looking at two more circuses at Basle and Porrentruy. On the 28th he saw a couple more at Lyons and Annecy. On the 29th he saw only one—at Dijon—but on the 30th he saw two other circuses in Paris and Brussels. Similarly, on July 1 he saw three more at Ghent, Le Zoute and The Hague. On the 2nd the indefatigable Cyril inspected two more circuses at Beek and Brunsum, followed by another brace at Liége and Wandres. On July 4 he had another look at Brussels and flew back to Lympne. Next day saw him up at Edinburgh again.

During other weeks of the year he saw six Swedish circuses, three Dutch ones, four Danish ones, five Norwegian ones, and one Swiss circus. He did not visit the United States because the transport difficulties are too great this year, but he has booked an American act for next year.

In keeping with the rest of the Variety and Circus profession, he has agreed not to employ Japanese or German acts for another eight years. His international bag, however, includes Belgians, Norwegians, Swedes, Czechs, Italians, French acts, Irish Free State acts, English, Arab, Canadian, Danish, Luxemburger, and even Russian performers.

The sensational act this year is the de Riaz team, whom he booked in Paris. They do a trapeze act with the innovation of a model Spitfire buzzing round at the same time. It is the kind of act which you cannot look at, but have to.

Another sensation will surely be caused by the White Devils on the high wire, whom he booked in Prague. The Five Bradforts are Belgians, booked in Amsterdam for their spring-board act—a kind of spring-mattress-somersaulting affair. The Raspinis, booked in Switzerland, do a remarkable ladder-balancing act. The Timenons is the name of the very fast Arab Whirlwinds, as they call their tumbling act.

It was on the borders of Lapland that Cyril Mills booked Rhodins' sea-lions. Like so many of the other acts, this will be the first time they have ever been seen in England. Cavallini and his crash car, which blows up and mysteriously reassembles itself at each performance, was booked in Oslo. The Breatos, one of the aerial acts, were found in Copenhagen. Edouardo is regarded by experts as an even better juggler than Rastelli. Though booked in Sweden, he is an Italian, and it is only now that he is allowed to perform in this country for the first time since the war.

There is, of course, a dog act (Victor Julian's); numbers of new horse acts; six elephants, also doing new acts; and troops of clowns, both foreign and English, spilling water all over each other. The Cumberlands are doing an entirely new riding act. But the performers who will, perhaps, be taken most closely to their hearts by the audience are Florence and George, an Irish boy and his sister, aged seventeen and sixteen respectively, and therefore the youngest act ever to be shown at Olympia. True, younger children have performed at the circus in an act with grown-ups. But that is different. Cyril Mills booked them in Belfast. Another performer, who calls herself Anita, and who first joined the Bertram Mills Circus as a programme-girl, is now a trapeze artist. Joan Fowles, the equestrienne, whose picture appears below, is another girl who has graduated from programme-selling to stardom in the sawdust ring.

In his search for talent, Cyril Mills and his brother Bernard, who visited France, Belgium and Holland, always do their best to see the show incognito, though this is not always possible. They like to see what the performers give as their regular routine, so that they can then decide what is most suitable for Olympia. Nearly all the acts to be seen next week at the circus are not only top of the bill on the Continent, but were also on a percentage of the takings. For this reason they make their acts as lengthy as possible. At Olympia it is quite different, and all that the brothers Mills want are the headlights of their performances. Thus Charlie Rivels did only eleven minutes at Olympia, though he was performing for over fifty minutes in circuses on the Continent. In other words, only the stars and the cream of their performances (to change the metaphor) are good enough for Olympia. That is why the interest is so well sustained as the audience is taken from one breathless moment to another. There is never time to be bored.

This year, unless there is a last-minute change, there will be no sit-down luncheon at Olympia owing to the Government regulation limiting a public meal to 100 people. Instead, a buffet luncheon will be served, but as buffet luncheons always take up twice as much room as a sit-down meal, the invitations will have to be cut once again. Last year the numbers had to be reduced from a pre-war figure of 1,300 to 500 because Olympia was not yet completely clear of war damage. Now this figure of 500 has to be cut again to 250. This will be a keen disappointment for some, as circus hospitality is always on a lavish scale.

HER BIG CHANCE: A young equestrienne who will be bringing thrills to the circus crowds at Olympia on December 19 is sixteen-year-old Joan Fowles, of Liverpool. A programme-seller at the circus last year, Joan has now been given her big chance. She will be seen in a nine-horse act—"Chicos Post"—in which she rides with one foot on each of two horses while seven others pass beneath her. Eventually Joan has control of all nine. Another programme-girl who has achieved spectacular success and who is appearing in this year's circus is Anita, the trapeze artist. The Mills brothers search far and wide for talent, but they sometimes find it on their own doorstep

NO CIRCUS IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE OR MORE ELEPHANTS: This one stands on his hind legs while his trainer balances on his back. They have been preparing their act at the Ascot winter quarters of the Bertram Mills Circus, and will be coming to town for the big performance next week

Altogether, there are well over 100 circuses on the Continent; France alone has thirty, Sweden coming next with fourteen. Neither Bernard nor Cyril Mills visited Spain and Portugal, but to show how far ahead of the game they have to be they have already booked a number of new acts for 1948. Sometimes, as in the case of Florence and George—the young Free Staters—the Mills brothers have to wait two years before the acts have acquired the polish necessary for Olympia. Sometimes they, again, as in the case of Florence and George, have to help to groom them for stardom. Every year, of course, they have to think up new acts for their horses, which are always a mainstay of the entertainment; new acts for the elephants, without which no real circus would be complete; and new routines for their dozens of clowns. It may be the mixture as before, but the cake must be differently iced, the trimmings must be fresh.

With the exception of German and Japanese acts, the Ministry of Labour show no difficulty about allowing foreigners to come and earn money in this country. This is explained partly by reason of the fact that English circus acts earn more hard currency abroad than has to be paid out in pounds in England, and partly, no doubt, on the old Roman Emperor principle of "If you haven't enough bread, give 'em a circus."

REMOVING THE BOMB SCARS OF ST. PAUL'S

But Some will Remain as a Reminder to Future Generations

REPA[illegible]NG THE WINDOWS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL : Men at work on the scaffolding. The [illegible]sk is proceeding satisfactorily in view of the limited labour force. It is proposed to leave a few of [illegible]e bomb scars at the east end of the Cathedral as a reminder of the perils which the Cathedral sur-[illegible]ved during the attacks on London. In most cases clear glass is being used in the restored windows

A NEW CARVING FOR ONE OF THE MAIN CAPITALS : A craftsman at work with the bow drill, an instrument similar to that used by the artisans of Wren's day. The carving is for the bomb-scarred east end of St. Paul's.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CATHEDRAL CRAFTSMAN AT WORK : Repairing a damaged corner of one of the windows on the south side of St. Paul's. His first task is to cut away cracked masonry

L[illegible] week St. Paul's celebrated its 250th anniversary with a special [illegible]vice. The celebration also marked the completion of the first phas[illegible] the restoration of the Cathedral. It will be a long time before the [illegible]nc of war is repaired, but the work has gone forward well in the choi[illegible]here much of the vaulting has been restored and parts of the tran[illegible]se arch and the adjacent saucer dome have been renewed. Scarred and [illegible]ed masonry at the east end is also being replaced, while a beginning has [illegible]n made with the reglazing and repair of window frames. Much rem[illegible] to be done, however, and Londoners will watch with keen interest the [illegible]gress of the work, for they have long held the great Cathedral in s[illegible]ng affection. In the days of the blitz it was indeed a symbol of [illegible]durance amid the desolation around it, and many marvelled at the [illegible] in which the main fabric survived day after day of ordeal

SOME OF THE DAMAGED ARCH STONES OF THE CHOIR : All these have had to be replaced by new carvings, a task of some magnitude and devolving upon a force of highly-skilled artisans trained since youth in this type of work. The first phase of the choir restoration is now complete

REPAIRING A PANEL AT THE SCARRED AND PITTED EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL : Old and new work has been matched up with rare skill, and when London's grime (sometimes politely referred to as the patina of time) descends upon it, only an expert will be able to trace the differences. Some of the unsightly scaffolding within the Cathedral is now being taken down

New Lamps and Old

R. L. S. IS WEARING WELL

And Now He Has a New Following

By JOHN GORE

R.L.S.—Great writers, with a very few exceptions (such as the faultless and fortunate Jane Austen), have their periods of eclipse and denigration as the generations come and go, but once admitted to the Valhalla of Classics can usually rely on retaining the fee simple of the niche granted them. They come again. I have never been addicted to hero-worship. I have got through life without ever making a hero of a public character in political life or of a great captain. Such hero-worship as I indulged was reserved for literary lights, and the nearest I got to idolatry was for Stevenson in my teens. In my middle age he began to decline in favour among the rising generation. It was natural enough. The cynicism and disillusion of the First World War affected the young, who became iconoclasts of tradition and overthrew the reputations accepted by their fathers, and R.L.S. got his share of the brick-bats. He had himself some part in his own eclipse, for, like Trollope, he had revealed too much of how the wheels went round, and his "sedulous ape" admissions gave a handle to critics who condemned his artificiality. But I was sorry for his decline, because I remembered with gratitude the pleasure and inspiration he had given me in youth, while I had to confess that my maturer taste sat in judgment on many of his books. So it was that I was delighted to engage in literary conversation with a bright and clever young man the other night and to hear from his lips that R.L.S. was his chief delight and inspiration in literature. The occasion was our village cricket dinner, not a very favourable occasion for a deaf old man to engage in a literary discourse, for we had become noisy and the chorus of "The Farmer's Boy" drowned some of his remarks. But there was no doubt at all that R.L.S. was his hero, and we agreed that *Weir* and *Ballantrae* were among the *chefs d'œuvre*.

Extrovert.—This young man, it appeared, had a single word as his literary yardstick. He applied it to every work of R.L.S. and others on which he touched, and I never found out if it was a word of approval or disapproval. I had never heard the word, nor (as I could see) had our vicar, who was *tertius gaudens* (whatever that may mean) in our conversation. The word was "extrovert," and when I got home I pulled out my *O.E.D.* and looked it up. But it wasn't there. The word hadn't been coined in June 1911. So I looked up its opposite, "introvert," and found: "To turn (mind, thought) inwards upon itself." Now whatever that operation may imply, according to my young man, R.L.S. did not use it.

His virtue (or vice) was turning his mind or thought *outwards* upon itself (or possibly upon some other object). And that surely must be counted a virtue in a writer, or indeed, in any man who uses his mind to express opinions or paint pictures or ventilate theories. But I confess I don't even now quite understand how one turns one's mind inwards upon itself or the converse. But, whether R.L.S. was an extrovert or an introvert, I warmly welcomed my young man's fancy for him, and we fell to listing his books in order of merit and with a considerable measure of agreement. We put (as I say) *Weir* and *Ballantrae* first.

I argued that there were legal difficulties which would in any case have prevented Stevenson from working out his intended plot, and that *Weir* must be judged as a fragment, with a superlative character in the elder Kirstie, which stood as his sole unquestioned success in female characterisation. We were at one on the *atmosphere* of *Ballantrae*. We ranked it with *Esmond* as an example of an author penetrating back into the very essence and heart of his period and scene, and we agreed that the contributed end of this other unfinished masterpiece was "clever but unsatisfactory." Then we turned to dethrone from the pinnacles of our youthful worship *Treasure Island, Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, and we agreed that the boneheaded stupidity and reckless folly of his boy heroes were irritating and tiresome.

I threw in a word for *Virginibus* and asserted my unimpaired delight in the glorious humour of *The Wrong Box*, and maintained that *Jekyll and Hyde, The Pavilion on the Links* and *The Sire de Malétroit's Door* were in their categories peerless as short stories; while my young man had a good word for *The New Arabian Nights*. We condemned *The Black Arrow* and found some faults among the jewels in *The Wrecker* and *The Ebb Tide*.

All of which is fair and normal criticism, contentious or no; the point for my satisfaction being that here once more was a young man of intelligence and of literary bent finding R.L.S. worthy of discussion.

Playing Cricket.—I said to myself: This is important. I have enjoyed a double-barrelled occasion for comfort. This restoration of R.L.S. is in the same category and of equal importance with the strong and unexpected revival after two shattering world wars and revolutions of village cricket. The heart of England still beats true and slow and steady.

We shall live to see the years of disillusion through, and cynicism and iconoclasm. Already the post-impressionists have thrown their nasty, crude toys away (their cubes and triangles and Cyclops eyes and legs of mutton and poached-egg sunrises) and moved a little back to tradition and grace and tidiness in the visual arts, giving us something we can begin to understand.

There is need in our shattered world to-day of grace and order, dignity, beauty, good manners and noble sentiments above all. In village cricket some of those simple virtues revive—the team spirit, courage, cheerfulness, helpfulness, a sense of fair play and of humour, the doing of a job not for profit or esteem, but for sheer love of doing it—which, if internationally and nationally applied, could solve our problems and bring us peace and sanity. And in R.L.S. are found noble sentiments for youth, timeless in their application and clothed in graceful prose, which deserve to be read and approved and put again into practice.

Indeed, it is high time he came back to his niche, and it comforts me to see him in process of restoration, as it comforted me to drive last summer through Sussex and see the white figures dotting every village green.

I am alive to the incongruity of coupling that exotic, velvet-coated master of words with the sunburnt, robust successors of Nyren; the sickroom and the Hawaiian scene with the village greens of England; but beneath the velvet coat beat the heart of a robust Englishman who never grew old, cynical and prudent, who loved adventure and revelled in hard knocks, and did so much to keep alive those virtues and graces which make civilised life not only sweet but practicable.

The "pocket R.L.S."—that selection of jewelled maxims from his writings—is a fine pocket Bible for modern youth and contains a philosophy of life which many may find infinitely more attractive and more easily attainable than the crude jingle of Kipling's "If."

INDIAN ART IN LONDON

THE SANDSTONE BUST OF A BEARDED MAN: This figure, representing the ancient Indus Valley culture, dates from the years 2400-2000 B.C., and comes from Mohenjo-Daro, in the province of Sind. It is among the earliest exhibits at the Exhibition of Indian Art now taking place at Burlington House. It was lent by the Central Asian Antiquities Museum

In 2400 B.C. Indian art was very much alive. In the intervening years the tradition of sculptural skill has been almost unbroken, and to-day its sheer exuberance and vitality win the admiration of the beholder. Visitors to the Exhibition of Indian Art at Burlington House have been deeply impressed by this cross-section of artistic achievement in the sub-continent, and while we in the Occident may not understand the spiritual forces which prompted this art, we can appreciate its beauty of form, its great range, and its extraordinary individuality.

MOVEMENT IN EVERY LINE—A SIVA GAJASURA IN BRONZE FROM SOUTHERN INDIA: One of the outstanding examples of sculptural art in the Burlington House Exhibition. It belongs to the sixteenth or seventeenth century A.D. Siva is one of the great Hindu trinity, and is commonly known as the destroyer of life. The deity is here represented with four pairs of hands

WHEN INDIAN ART REACHED ITS ZENITH IN THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D.: These figures come from Sarnath, the deer park near Benares and the site where Buddha preached his first sermon. The fifth century was the classical period in Indian art when the sculptor's grasp of form was astonishingly assured

INDIAN ART IN LONDON

Four Fine Examples from the Present Exhibition at the Royal Academy

THE VOLUPTUOUSNESS OF INDIAN ART BETWEEN THE EIGHTH AND NINTH CENTURIES: This female figure in sandstone comes from the Gwalior Fort and has been lent by the Gwalior Archæological Museum to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Indian Art at Burlington House

THE BODDHISATTVA MAITREYEA, FROM SARNATH: A magnificent piece of fifth-century sculpture from the ruins of Sarnath, near Benares. According to the earliest stories, Sarnath was known as the "Deer Park," and it was there that Buddha first made known his doctrines. In the last forty years there has been a thorough investigation of the whole site, and much has come to light regarding the age of the Imperial Guptas (320-455 A.D.), who established an important sculptural school

AN ORNAMENTAL ARCH FROM BIKANIR: An example of the more florid style of Indian sculptural art. It belongs to the twelfth or thirteenth century A.D., and has been loaned to the present exhibition in London by the Maharaja of Bikanir. In this sculpture of the later medieval period there is a similarity with baroque art in Europe

SIVA, LORD OF THE DANCE: The extraordinary æsthetic problem of giving unity to a figure with four arms has been solved by a Southern Indian artist of the eleventh century. The figure was formerly set in an ornamental hoop representing an aureole of fire. Strangely enough, Southern India basalt sculpture of the same period is florid, showing no trace of the qualities of this bronze

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BRITAIN IN THE DAYS OF JUSTINIAN

John Masefield Chooses a Little-known Period in Our History for His New Historical Novel

IT is some time since the Poet Laureate has given us a novel, and in BADON PARCHMENTS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) he has applied his considerable talents to a story set in the ancient Britain of the Dark Ages. On the basis of the discovery of four alleged documents through which Mr. Masefield produces circumstantial evidence of the existence of Badon, he reconstructs the Britain of the time of Justinian, a period of which very little is known, even to historians. Into the story he introduces a reconstruction of the origin of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table and of Arthur's exploits as a very young man.

In addition, there is a succinct picture of an incipient dictator together with some shrewd delineation of the effect upon the British people of the time. Indeed, throughout the book will be found a very pleasant study of the British character *then*, but clearly with reference also to *now*.

I think that Mr. Masefield must have enjoyed writing this book, and I am certain that the legion of his admirers will equally enjoy reading it.

When Mr. H. E. Bates publishes a new novel, or a new short story or collection of them, the critics are apt to sharpen their quills, or oil their typewriters, and go to work with eagerness, and I don't mean the eagerness of ravening wolves, but of mellifluous doves. There are several good reasons for this—I think them good myself because I subscribe to most of them. Mr. Bates is, in the first place, a real writer, a man who is devoted to his craft and respects it. He began well, and has steadily improved, though not without some setbacks, which proved a certain courage in experiment. He can tell a story, and he has developed a style. On occasion, as in *The Cruise of the Breadwinner*, the result can be magnificent. In general, it is effective.

His new book, THE PURPLE PLAIN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), is midway between these two encomiums. It is the story of a handful of men in an R.A.F. unit in Burma towards the end of the war, and the most striking thing about it is not the incidence of great danger and violent death, which is now a familiar element in some of his work, but the descriptive passages; the appreciations of the Burmese countryside itself, contrived with an artist's eye but a writer's hand.

I have a minor criticism which is only valid because, although it is of a small point, it is one that irritates by repetition. Fifteen times in seventeen pages, Mr. Bates writes of colours being either cream or rose, or both. Perhaps the re-statement is deliberate, but the device isn't worthy of the writer.

Mr. Hammond Innes writes very good adventure stories indeed, as good as anything of the kind now being written. His last one, *The Lonely Skier*, I thought superlative in its way, and the present one, KILLER MINE (Collins. 8s. 6d.), only a little less good, in spite of an ambiguous title which I took at first to indicate a degree of possession, instead of a hole in the ground.

The mine is an old Cornish tin-mine, running partly under the sea-bed itself (trust Mr. Innes for a setting which is dramatic in itself). It is being used by a present-day smuggler for the safe unloading of goods from the sea. One of his men is an Army deserter, drawn back to his native Cornwall because it was the scene of his mother's unexplained death. Throughout the story, which is an exciting one, there is the constant threat of disaster in the mine, till the final horrific scenes which, I must say, take some beating for thrills. Not recommended for the timid, but for everyone else—emphatically.

The calm tenor of ONE FINE DAY (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is the greatest possible contrast to the last book. This story by Miss Mollie Panter-Downes goes no farther afield than an English country village within daily reach of London. Its principal character is an Englishwoman who was young before the war, and now is an indeterminate middle age, with grey hair that surprises both her and her husband, and an increasingly philosophic approach to the drabness of life, even as lived in a beautiful old house.

BLACK RECORD: This is the dust-jacket of the second and enlarged edition of "The Bombed Buildings of Britain" (The Architectural Press. 25s.), edited by J. M. Richards. London, Bath, Bristol, Canterbury, Coventry and Exeter are among the cities listed, and an attempt has been made to cover all the major architectural casualties sustained during the years 1940-45

Miss Panter-Downes has for some years been the London correspondent of the *New Yorker* magazine, and it would seem that this period of accurate and perceptive reporting has sharpened the edge of her writing, heightened her discriminating taste and, all in all, made of her a sensitive and distinguished writer.

THE WIND AT MY BACK (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) consists of three short novels by Miss Victoria Lincoln, who, as far as I know, has written very little and always rather well. The present stories have the possible fault of being over-sensitised, like photographs taken with too wide a lens and too intense a filter, but they are moving for all that, and have that unmistakable quality of being women's stories, written by a woman and for women.

DEATH AND TAXES (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a snappy American murder mystery about the sudden death of an accountant, the kind that people sometimes retain to advise them on how to pay less income tax. The author, Mr. David Dodge, is said to be a tax accountant himself, so that there can be little doubt of the authenticity of that part of the story, and as for the crimes, the clues and the detection, they are very ably handled, and not without humour. I look forward to this new author's next effort. Perhaps someone could interest him in P.A.Y.E. as a suitably morbid subject.

Mr. Stephen Lister is a writer who will be remembered for his light and amusing novels mostly containing some shrewd comment, in a satirical vein, upon contemporary affairs. In his new novel, PEACE COMES TO STE. MONIQUE (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), his admirers will find themselves reintroduced to certain characters with whom they have been made familiar in *Mistral Hotel* and *Sunset Over France*. The guilt-edged insecurities of the *Côte d'Azur* in 1946 appear not to have undergone more of a change through the war years than is necessary to highlight some of their more unpleasant characteristics. Certain people can eat and drink as well as ever they did; the sun shines; fishermen fish; olive groves flourish, and if the ubiquitous Father Delorme needs clinical treatment for under-nourishment, and if Marius, the fisherman, turns out to be an unsuccessful local racketeer, it is all part of a lively and vivid picture of life in that picturesque village.

It would be hard to find an Englishman or an Englishwoman who did not take some kind of pride and interest in the exploits of our Navy, and it seems that there can never be too many books about the naval engagements of early days and of our own times. Mr. Gordon Holman, an acknowledged authority, has written a new and admirable book on a particular section of the Royal Navy: THE KING'S CRUISERS (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.), which I commend to you for the shelves on which you keep the most telling records of this last war.

He was the strangest of men and the most complex of characters, as Miss Eleanor Ruggles' biography, GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.), emphasises. To this day there are those who find Hopkins' poetry too obscure for enjoyment, though among many it has become a cult.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN

Some of the New Publications Briefly Reviewed

The publishers have excelled themselves this year in catering for the children. Some may aver that fine typography and printing are lost on youth, but surely the better argument is that if youth is accustomed to the best, so will it be set upon the right road in literary appreciation. Two books that stand out in the matter of quality of production—and this despite prevailing austerities in the book world—are MISKOO THE LUCKY, by Mary Fairclough (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), and CYNTHIA ASQUITH'S ANNUAL (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.). The Annual is designed specially for boys and girls between the ages of seven and twelve. The pictures in full colour by Philip Gough are absolutely first-rate. THE CHRISTMAS BOOK (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.) is edited by Harry Ballam and Phyllis Digby Morton. This is really a bedside book for grown-ups, but it should also appeal strongly to teen-age children. For young picturegoers Eric Gillett's FILM BOOK (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.) can be strongly recommended.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE FOR OLDER CHILDREN

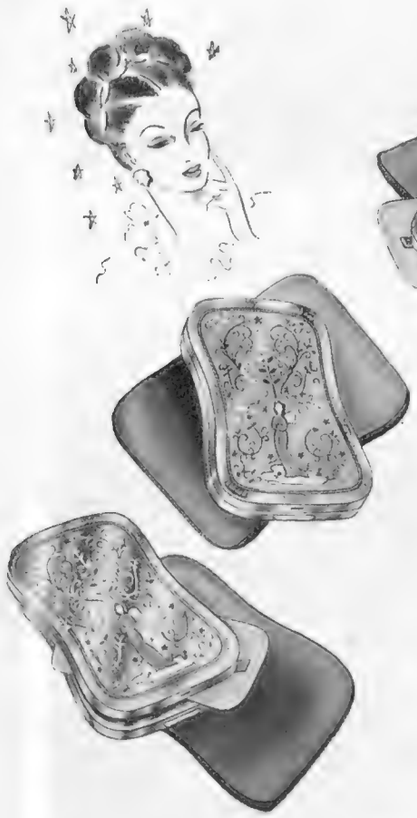
THE BARGE IN THE CREEK (Hutchinson. 5s.), by Eileen Heming. London children find a deserted barge, and the fun begins. FOUR STOWAWAYS AND ANNA (Hutchinson. 6s.), by M. Frow. The Darcy twins hitchhike to Wales. THE BELL OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS (Collins. 8s. 6d.), by Violet Needham. Penelope tackles the secret of Marvell's Folly. WHO RIDES IN THE DARK (Basil Blackwell. 6s.), by Stephen W. Neader. Footpads and highwaymen, stage-coaches and blizzards. PONIES AND POACHERS (John Lane. 7s. 6d.), by David Severn. The tale of an unusual summer holiday. THE OUTLAW MOUNTIE (Panmure Publications. 7s. 6d.), by Edward R. Home-Gall. Trooper Rod Mason has been outlawed for a crime he did not commit; Red Fang, the husky, helps him win through. THE BEWITCHED BROOMSTICKS (Faber and Faber. 4s. 6d.), by Charles Duncan. In which Janie gets mixed up in witchcraft. THE CHILDREN OF PRIMROSE LANE (Collins. 8s. 6d.), by Noel Streatfeild. They found an empty house and a German spy into the bargain. THE GOLDEN KEY (Hutchinson. 5s.), by Alexei Tolstoy. The adventures of the little wooden mannikin.

ANIMAL BOOKS

NO MISTAKING CORKER (Collins. 8s. 6d.), by Monica Edwards. The story of a caravan journey, and Corker is the heroine. FREELANCE THE PONY (Hollis and Carter. 7s. 6d.), by Joan Begbie. The tale of a New Forest pony. TRYLLA AND OTHER SMALL FRY (Hutchinson. 5s.), by Gunnar Gunnarsson. Trylla was an ugly chick. She found a young protector, but she never grew to be a hen.

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

THE STIRRING YARNS OF BOSUN BILL (Hollis and Carter. 8s. 6d.), by Gary Hogg. Broadcast tales by a well-known children's author. HOOKIE AND THE GYPSIES (Collins. 3s. 6d.), by Ivy L. Wallace. The white rabbit got among the circus folk and went on the flying trapeze. DEEP-SEA MOKEY (Collins. 4s.), by Grace Couch. A donkey among the sea-horses. Grace Couch also provides the illustrations. LITTLE GREY RABBIT AND THE WEASELS (Collins. 3s. 6d.), by Alison Uttley. "Down in the Dell lived a family of Weasels," and, but for Wise Owl, Grey Rabbit would never have survived their attentions. SINGING TOGETHER (Faber and Faber. 6s.), by Herbert Wiseman and Walter Trier. A dozen songs for Christmas holiday parties. IN THE ROCK POOL (Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.), by Rosalie K. Fry. The story of Captain, the rusty-pink crab. ADVENTURE ON THE MOON (Hutchinson. 5s.), by Nina Carroll. A book by a twelve-year-old author. She provides her own colourful and imaginative illustrations. OH, MY HAT! (Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.), by M. Joyce Davies. The adventures of Jeremy Jumbo, a carefree elephant. NEWS FROM LESSER BURROWS (Hollis and Carter. 7s. 6d.), by Noel Sircar. Silas Stoat, the poacher, plays hell in the village. PRISCILLA, THE PADDINGTON MOUSE (Faber and Faber. 6s.), by E. M. Hatt. She lived on a cloakroom shelf, but she took a West-bound train. UNCLE MAC'S CHILDREN'S HOUR STORY BOOK (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.), edited by Derek McCullough (Uncle Mac of the B.B.C.). UNCLE MAC'S FAIRY-TALE BOOK (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.), by Derek McCullough. Uncle Mac again. UNCLE ANDY'S BEDSIDE STORIES (Hollis and Carter. 5s.), by Spencer Bachelor. What Uncle Andy told Sally when he came to say good-night. THE KITTEN'S A B C (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.), by Clare Turlay Newberry. A is for Alley Cat and Z is for Zipper. MISS EMMA OF DUSTBIN ALLEY (Hutchinson. 6s.), by Isabel St. Vincent. The moral story of a cat who thought of others first.



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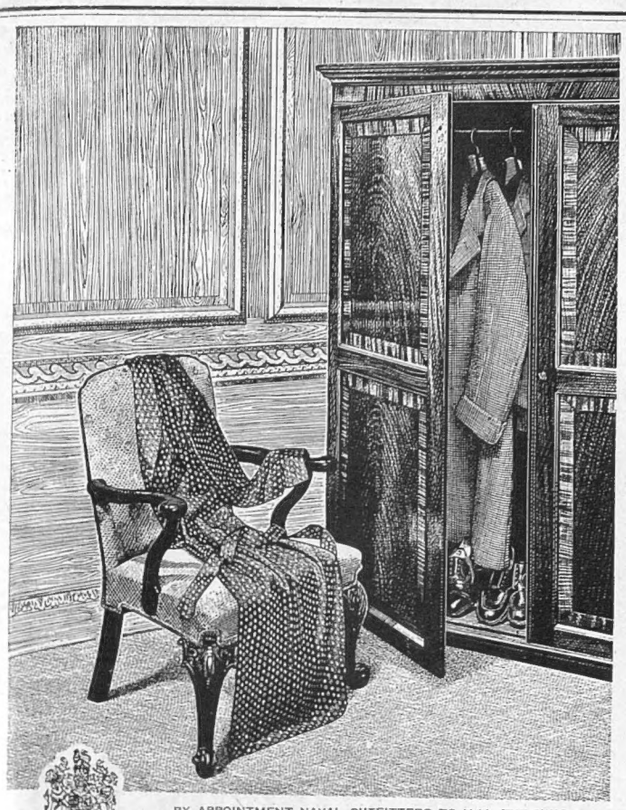

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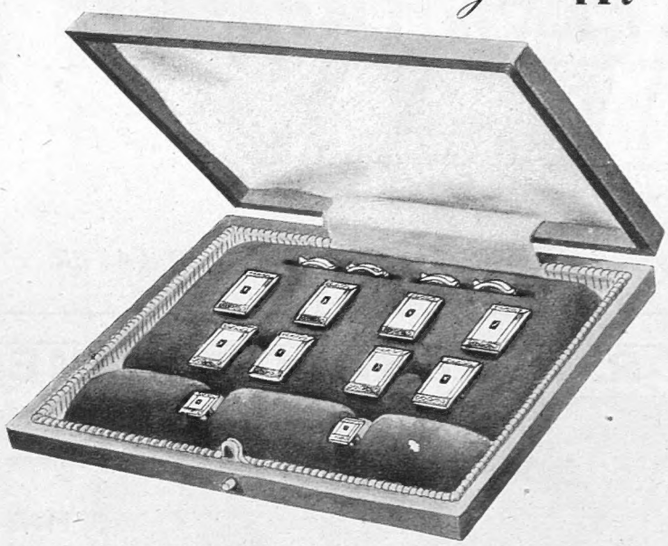

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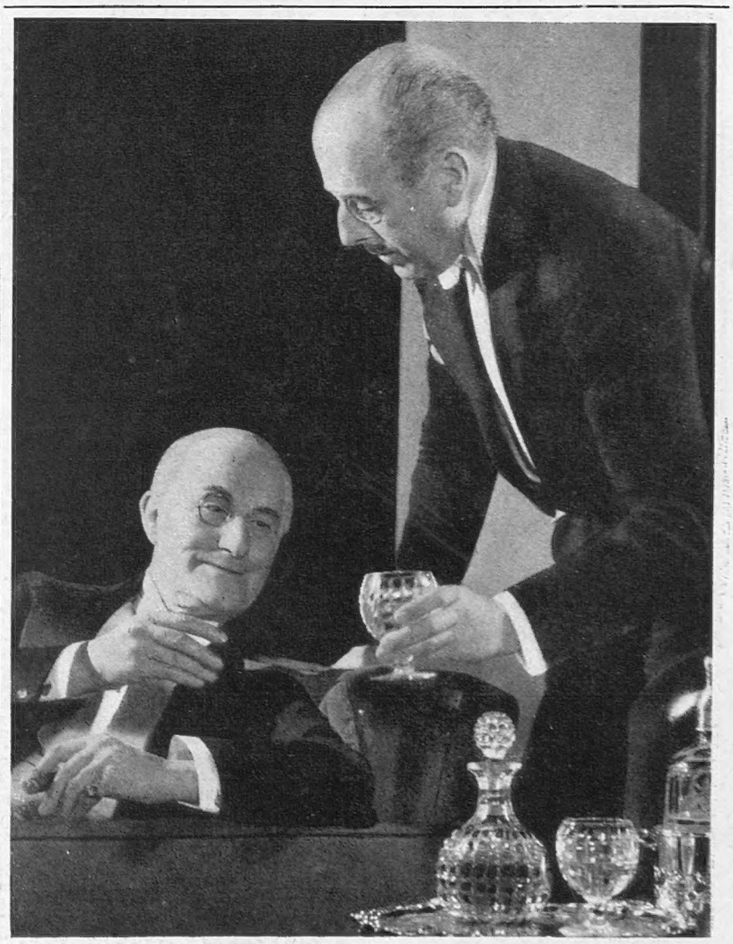

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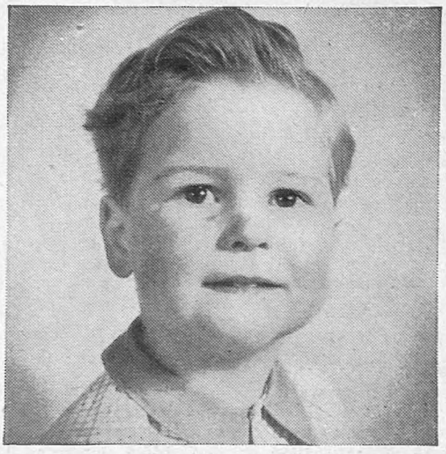

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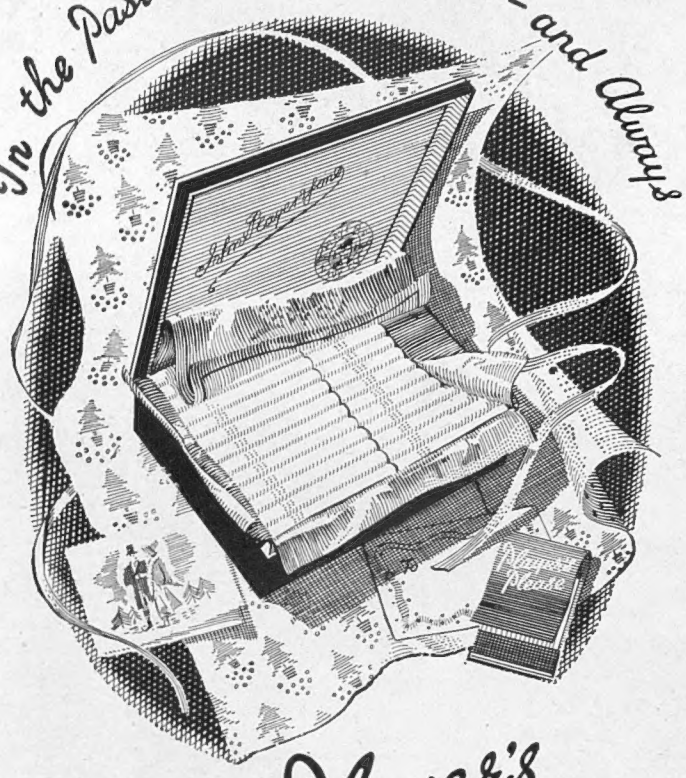

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